Vol CXXXVII. No 1777.

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THE BYSTANDER JANUARY 5, 1938.

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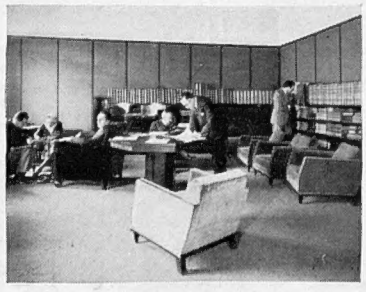


The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Reading Room in Paris.

The Bystander, January 5, 1938 No. 1777. Vol. CXXXVII.

The Bystander

Swiss Miss

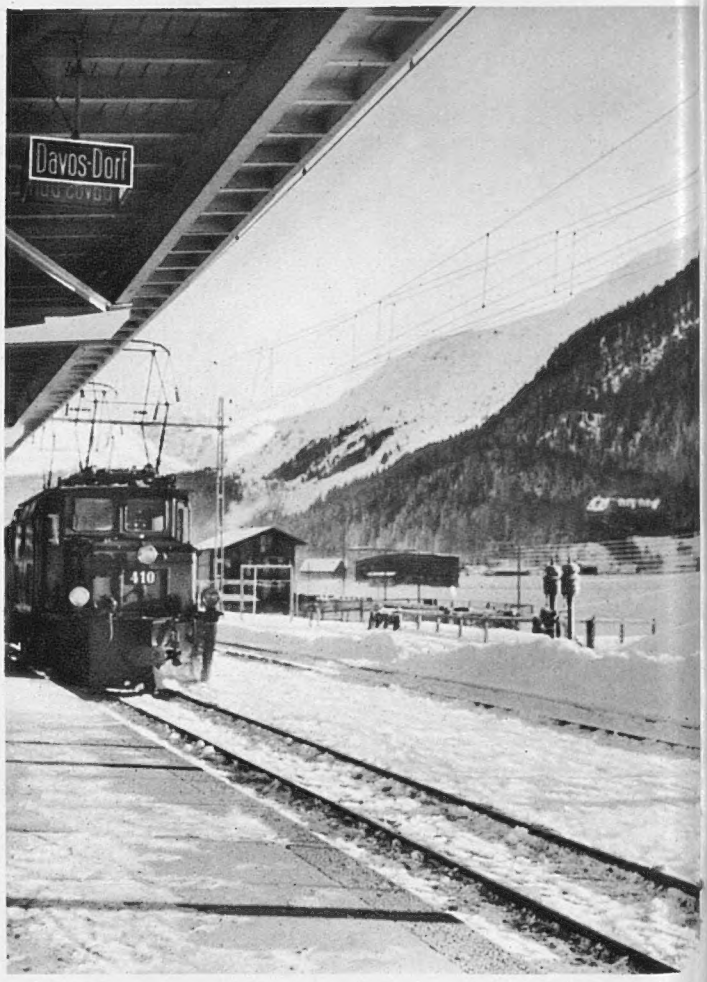
This lovely view was taken at Davos by Norman Parkinson, who has just made a lightning tour of Switzerland with his camera for the "Bystander." Some more of his views are on the next two pages

Back view of the hotel-porters and baggage-men at Wengen, waiting for the helpless passengers to get out of a train and into their clutches

• SNOW HOLIDAY

No. 1. The Arrival

Evening arrivals at St. Moritz—the usual incongruous mixture of black coats, homburg hats and skis that is displayed by all who don't battle into ski-ing clothes on the way



The station — most exquisite place on earth at the beginning, most hated and depressing at the end. This Swiss electric train stood under a Davos-Dorf name-board

Barrage at Engelberg—the first thing you see as you climb down from your high Continental train. If you have booked a room in advance, you look round for the right cap, or, wiser still, say very loudly "Hôtel So-and-So." If you haven't booked a room . . .

A Camera in the Snow

Norman Parkinson made a fourteen-day tour of Switzerland for the "Bystander," taking photographs of seven winter sports centres as he passed by. These are the first of the series

Right: St. Moritz sleighs waiting for the Engadine express travellers. There are motor-taxis, too, but the sleigh drivers know their market. Sleighs look lovely, are supremely comfortable, well-sprung, low, thickly fur-lined—and they are part of Switzerland, so why take a taxi?

A Cabinet Minister in Scotland

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Elliot dispensed hospitality in the form of whiskey and soda to the Jedforest Hunt when it met at Harwood, Roxburghshire, the Secretary for Scotland's Border residence. Here Mrs. Elliot, who is a daughter of the late Sir Charles Tennant, is handing the huntsman, Mr. Gee, a stirrup-cup

A Naturalist in South America

This picture was taken at Georgetown on board Lord Moyne's yacht Rosaura, in which he is visiting British Guiana to collect specimens of local fauna for the Natural History Museum and the Zoological Society. The owner is leaning on the taffrail; M. Jean Delacour is displaying a paroquet for him (and the camera), and Lady Broughton and Lady Moyra Cavendish are looking on

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE New Year has got off to a flying start with crises in two countries which were comparatively quiet in 1937, and it is therefore, within a single week, two up on its predecessor. In Egypt the young King has at last openly quarrelled with his Ministers, and he has acted with remarkable energy (whether with wisdom as well remains to be seen) in dismissing Nahas Pasha and putting in a nominee of his own.

The political situation in Rumania is at the moment confused by the peculiar names of the various parties, but one certain and unhappy fact has already emerged; the new Government is definitely anti-Semitic and is determined to eliminate the Jews from the political and economic life of the country.

PROBABLY there are more Jews per head of population in Rumania than in any other country in Europe, except Poland. Even in pre-war days there were many of them in old Rumania, and after the Peace Treaties the provinces of Bessarabia and Transylvania, which were added to it, were swarming with them. Not only that, but there has been for years a steady influx of Jewish refugees from Russia and from Poland. Any pogrom now, whether violent or peaceful, would be utterly disastrous.

IT is becoming a boring platitude to say that dictators must keep on running forward, or downhill, or uphill, whichever way you regard the direction, but nevertheless it is one of those platitudes which are not only truisms but truths as well. The Japanese cannot stop in their attitude towards the Chinese, and they cannot stop in their attitude towards Europeans or Americans. In the International Settlement at Shanghai, roaming bands of Chinese are throwing bombs at Japanese soldiers. The Japanese must either insist that the foreigners in charge should prevent this, or they must prevent it themselves. To acquiesce would be to lose face. But if the foreigners should fail, then the Japanese will hold them responsible under their own martial law—there is no other law available. And then what happens? The Japanese martial law includes the death penalty for civilians convicted of failing to prevent attacks by other civilians upon troops. And if the Japanese take over the policing of the Settlement themselves, foreign rights go to the four winds, and a new variety of trouble begins.

The apologies for the outrages on the Yangtze have hardly faded into smoke before the possibility of new outrages is opened up.

THE isolationists in every nation who say that other people's wars are no concern of theirs must be very, very careful not to read the newspapers. For hardly a day passes without some ripple of a past or present war reaching the shores of almost every country in the world, and usually affecting them for the worse. Sometimes it is steel-shortage so that our motor-cars go up in price; sometimes it is an income-tax demand, probably to pay, if we only knew, for some of the shells at the Third Battle of Ypres in 1917. Last week it was announced that if Japan holds the Chinese sea-board for any length of time, the world supply of Tung oil which comes from the upper Yangtze will be cut off with serious results for the paint and varnish trade. Your Chinese white will cost you more, and so presumably will everything else that is painted, except that lovely butterfly, "the Painted Lady."

PRESIDENT DE VALERA has had many ardent admirers in his life and many passionate enemies, but the former could not exaggerate, nor have the latter ever attempted to deny, his undeviating tenacity. All through his life he has maintained one principle and one principle only—that Ireland should be free. Step by step, patiently and relentlessly, he has advanced towards the realisation of his dream. The newest step is the Constitution of Ireland. The expression "Irish Free State" is no longer to be used and, in theory, Ireland is to be regarded as a united whole. (This is, of course, simply a flourish, but it is a consistent flourish.) There is no single reference in the Constitution to the Crown, Great Britain, or the Empire. Apart from the Annuities, the naval bases on the Irish coast, and the word "Republic," President Eamon de Valera is very nearly home.

I BELIEVE that under this single-mindedness of purpose and inflexible narrowness of heart lies the explanation of President de Valera's sudden recognition of the Italian conquest of Abyssinia. By an ordinary explanation, it seemed a horrible betrayal by a man who had devoted his life to fighting for a

A Cabinet Minister and His Family in Switzerland

The Minister for Transport, his wife and his son and four daughters are winter sporting at Davos. Mr. Leslie Burgin knows Switzerland well (he had part of his education there), and his hobbies are foreign languages and mountaineering — so he should be content in international Davos. Like the true winter-sportsman, he wears no scarf or gloves. Left of Mr. and Mrs. Burgin are Miss Diana, Margaret and Miss Jill Burgin; right are Miss Jennifer and Mr. Patrick Burgin

small nation's freedom against a big one, by a man who had stood for Right against Might, and had delivered noble speeches on the subject at Geneva. Many jeered at the volte-face and said that the President only wanted more diplomatic posts at Rome for his friends. But if you grant that Mr. de Valera has not fought for small nations, but only for Ireland, and has not stood for Right but only for the Rights of Ireland, then a logical explanation emerges. Mr. de Valera does not care two straws for all the trampled small nations of the world, so long as they do not include Ireland.

THE Spanish Government's remarkable victory at Teruel has bouleversed more than the Insurgent troops in the town. There were, for instance, all those who said that General Franco would soon take the offensive in Aragon; there were those who, among whom I, discoursed sagely about the impossibility of either side taking the offensive during the winter; there were those who predicted a speedy collapse of Government morale, and those who predicted a speedy downfall of Insurgent morale. The one thing which is certain about Teruel is that both sides are fighting with desperate heroism in terrible conditions.

HISTORICALLY, by the way, it is an odd thing that whereas the Spaniard should have been pre-eminent for centuries in his almost ferocious capacity to sustain a prolonged siege against enormous odds, the only other European who has been his equal was the Dutchman when he defended his cities against the Spaniard. Badajoz, Saragossa, Gerona, Oviedo, Madrid, and now Teruel, are balanced by Haarlem and Leyden and Berg-op-Zoom and a dozen more.

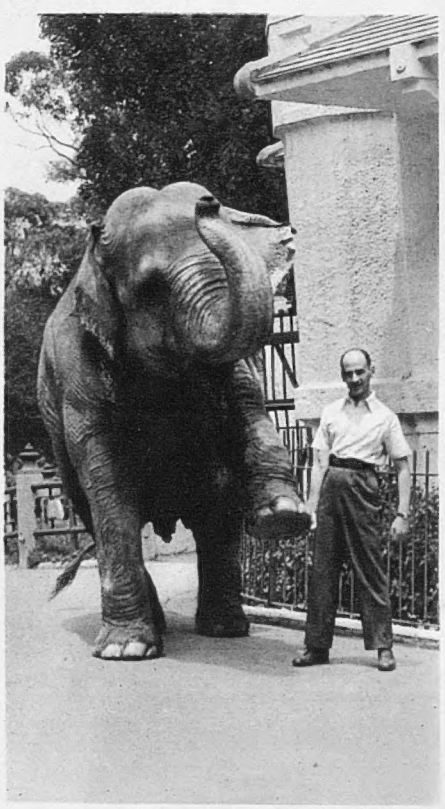
TOKIO is going on with its preparations for the Olympic Games of 1940, but with somewhat diminished ardour. Already one or two nations are beginning to get a little restive at the prospect. The Norwegian Ski-ing Association has declined to send any coaches to Japan "owing to the unsafe situation in the Far East." The Hungarians also have cancelled their water-polo tour. At the moment there are no signs of any public appeal for funds in this country to send our team to Tokio, nor have I heard of any great rush in America to raise a million dollars to be spent on expenses in Japan.

"FERGUSON'S GANG," that mysterious body of public benefactors which from time to time sends money to the National Trust for the preservation of beauty spots, has been at it again. A small lozenge-box marked "Highly perishable. Deal with at once," was handed in to the Trust on Christmas Eve, with £200 in notes for the final completion of the purchase of the beauty spot at Trevescan. "Hore-Belisha's Gang," on the other hand, is restoring the balance by threatening to ruin the beautiful Stiffkey Valley in Norfolk with an anti-aircraft gunnery school.

DON MARQUIS is dead, and the world is the poorer for it. There are very few humorists who have created an entirely original style and form of their own, deriving nothing from anyone. Marquis's creation of the cockroach who had once been a free-verse poet in a previous incarnation and who tapped out his modern poems by butting the typewriter keys with his head, was something new, and he sustained the humour of it for years. He had a very wide public in America, and over here, if his admirers were less numerous, they were no less enthusiastic.

I WENT the other evening to see the new mixed show at the Piccadilly. There are two films, a band, the brilliant Miss Florence Desmond doing her impersonations, Mr. Nelson Keys, a singer or two, and a short-long play by Mr. Pelissier. It was a first-class evening's entertainment, not "letting up" for a moment. The play itself was one of the funniest light farces I have seen for years. And what a cast — Yvonne Arnaud, John Mills, Naunton Wayne, Evelyn Roberts, Gertrude Musgrove, each individually at the top of form and all working as a perfect team. The audience rocked with laughter. Indeed, not far away, a well-known actress (Miss L--n-r- C-rb-tt) was laughing so loudly that I heard her escort nervously, but rather discourteously, begging her not to kick up such a row. I can strongly recommend a visit to the Piccadilly, together with a sharp rap in the pants to the highbrow critics who disliked the show.

A BEAUTIFUL case of human sympathy in bureaucratic circles is revealed casually, without the shedding of a single warm tear, by the *News Chronicle*. Thirty-eight years ago, a lighthouse-keeper in Guernsey finding, in his own words, that "love-making is a great problem to the lighthouse keeper" (compared to the falling-off-a-log which the rest of us find it), devised a dodge by which he signalled his protestations of love to his girl in Morse with a flash-lamp. She returned his affection in the same way. They got married and the Administration of Lighthouses and Elder Brethren of Trinity House or whoever it is, went all demure and romantic and transferred the pair to the Coquet Light, off Northumberland. Winsome, eh?



Arnold Haskell Joins the "Bystander"

Mr. Haskell, who retired at the New Year from his post as ballet critic on the "Daily Telegraph," has now joined the "Bystander" as a monthly contributor. His first article will appear in next week's issue. The elephant is nothing to do with this news— it just took a dancing lesson from Mr. Haskell during his Australian tour last year

Princess Alexandra of Greece

Left: Princess Alexandra of Greece goes regularly to Switzerland with her mother, Princess Aspasia of Greece, and this year they are at St. Moritz again. Princess Alexandra, who is the niece of the King of Greece, will be seventeen in the spring

Right: a Christmas morning snapshot of Sir George Lewis and Miss Angela Ely going off to work—or at least, work up an appetite. He is the third baronet and a member of the well-known firm of solicitors of his name

Sir George Lewis and Miss Angela Ely

Snow Story of the Week

St. Moritz Is the Chapter Heading

Mr. Charles Laughton

Mr. Laughton, looking like a stork as he spiked the snow off his heel, was one of St. Moritz's big celebrities over Christmas and fair game for the photographers

Miss Elsa Lanchester

Mr. Laughton's wife and biographer (her story of his life is coming out in a Sunday paper) went out to Switzerland with her husband for a ski-ing holiday

Prince Waldemar of Hesse a

Lance Haugwitz-Reventlow

The Haugwitz-Reventlows' little son is about the most attractive figure on the whole St. Moritz landscape, with his miniature ski-suit, skis and sticks. Sometimes he goes sledging instead. His mother is taking lessons, and probably has much more trouble with the snow than her son

Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow on the Nursery Slopes

is Sister, Princess Olga

Miss Peggy Bligh

This young British film actress was one of the beauties of the place and wore a neat grey flannel ski-suit. She was in " The Constant Nymph " among other pictures

Mme. Kraus-Ulam and Prince Serge Asiewsky

Mme. Kraus-Ulam is an attractive and very smart Parisian who dresses in white to match the snow. She was talking to Prince Serge Asiewsky, the Russian Cresta rider, on the terrace of their hotel

Anthony

Michael Redgrave and Rachel Kempson

Give "The School for Scandal" Its Happy Ending

These stage young-marrieds are both in the delightful presentation of *The School for Scandal*, at the Queen's, John Gielgud's second repertory production now in its last three weeks. Michael Redgrave graduated from the Liverpool Repertory Company to the Old Vic, where his best part was Mr. Horner in *The Country Wife*. He also played Orlando in *As You Like It*. Rachel Kempson (also inset, left) started her dramatic career at Stratford as a R.A.D.A. gold medallist. After two years there she joined the Liverpool Repertory where she met and married Michael Redgrave. In *The School for Scandal* he plays Charles Surface and she plays Maria, Sir Peter Teazle's ward, so husband and wife find themselves in each other's arms each evening as the betrothed lovers of Sheridan's happy ending

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 53

Dr. Gogarty

Senator Doctor Oliver St. John Gogarty (what a name!) is probably the only man alive who would have felt immediately at home with Aristophanes and the other great wits of the golden days of Greece. He talks brilliantly, his conversation is flavoured with Attic salt, he has a pagan love of beauty, he can argue that black is white, or pink, if it comes to that, and prove it to you. "We Irishmen are apt to think something and nothing are near neighbours," wrote Bishop Berkeley, and Dr. Gogarty has borrowed the phrase for *As I Was Going Down Sackville Street.* The very first line of his sixteen-shilling best-seller gives an idea of the Doctor's vocabulary and unexpected verbal attack. "Quaintly he came raiking out of Molesworth Street into Kildare Street, an odd figure moidered by memories. . . ."

Dr. Gogarty, besides being the leading wit of to-day, is the Royal aurist in Ireland. That is to say, if King George VI. visited Ireland and wanted his ears, nose or throat attended to, precedent would demand that he should send for Dr. Gogarty. It was Dr. Gogarty who cured Gerald Brockhurst of deafness (as I think I have told you). So the choice is a good one.

He himself has blue eyes, wears pince-nez occasionally, brushes his hair back, and comes to England as often as possible, flying here in two and a half hours. He hates humbug, and loves the English Border ballads and Urquhart's translation of Rabelais. (Oh, Urquhart or Rabelais, which of you translated the other?) In fact, he likes robust phrases. His chief hobbies, he says, are archery, alcohol and aviation, though he doesn't believe in taking them all the same day. He thinks that W. B. Yeats is the best of living conversationalists. But he has forgotten the possible exception of Lord Dunsany; that is, if you admit monologues to be conversation.

Dr. Gogarty used to be a champion swimmer. That was fortunate in the Trouble. He once had to cross the Liffey rather quickly under his own power.

His great hero is the late Dr. Yelverton Tyrrell, uncle of the present Lord, who once said, "Nothing is more disconcerting than a disease that you have *not* brought on yourself." That gives you an idea of Dr. Gogarty himself. Epigrams stream from his lips in a cascade, while his bright blue eyes watch to see whether the effect is to dampen or brisken you (if there is no such word as "brisken" it merely means that I have fallen under Dr. Gogarty's spell).

Dr. Gogarty hates eating, because, he says, it ruins talking, yet he has turned his country home, Renvyle House, into an hotel. He himself lives at Ely Place, in Dublin, within three doors of where George Moore used to be. He has a "boy and a girl and a boy to spare," who are, respectively, an architect, a sculptor, and a lawyer. He has also humorous eyebrows, thin lips, no interest in clothes, and a prodigious memory of the Classics, like all T.C.D. men, and, of course, the long Hibernian upper lip which suggests that nature meant all Irishmen to be comedians.

In conclusion, Dr. Gogarty lives on his prejudices and between parentheses, never making enemies, just making characters.

Charles Graves

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" So the stork's been, has he? "

APART from personal charm, diplomatic ability, and strength of character, the new American Ambassador to St. James's, Mr. Joseph P. Kennedy—one time Wall Street's Boy Wonder—has another claim to our interest and affection, it seems. He married a Miss Fitzgerald, daughter of " Honey Fitz," Mayor of Boston, who was what our ancestors called a " sweet breast," and is said to have sung himself into the mayoralty of America's intellectual capital by his golden voice and his prowess in " Sweet Adeline," which, as everybody knows, was the evening hymn of the United States for generations.

Thurber and Damon Runyon fans know that " Sweet Adeline " is no longer a " must " item on the programme of singers of glees, rounds, catches, and what have you. Mr. Thurber, in fact, has invented a special flag for yachtsmen, to be hoisted in certain circumstances, meaning " For God's sake not ' Sweet Adeline ! ' " We ourselves heard it last sung at a party in Hartford, Conn., in 1928; very seriously, very earnestly, those who could stand standing, the others hanging on to them, the whole group packed carefully by the butler, and the principal barytone putting in those lovely, rich, deep obligato " bom, boms " Good Time Charley puts into " I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Bay-hay-Bee," in that fine Runyon story called " The Lily of St. Pierre." If you think we 're going into all this too carefully, you don't know American institutions. They attach as much importance to close harmony, among buddies, as our Tudor forefathers did. In the old speakeasy days you 'd find a whole barful of citizens dropping their private troubles to join in a few soulful choruses, and very pretty it sounded, anybody who fooled with the harmony getting a good sock on the nozzle. As Dr. Johnson said of Pembroke College, we were a nest of singing-birds.

We maintain that this is a very ancient, pleasant, civilised and meritorious custom, and if the new Ambassador can introduce it into the Cabinet, it would do them untold good. We can just see Good Time Johnny Simon putting in those " bom, boms " and beaming like a big, happy boy.

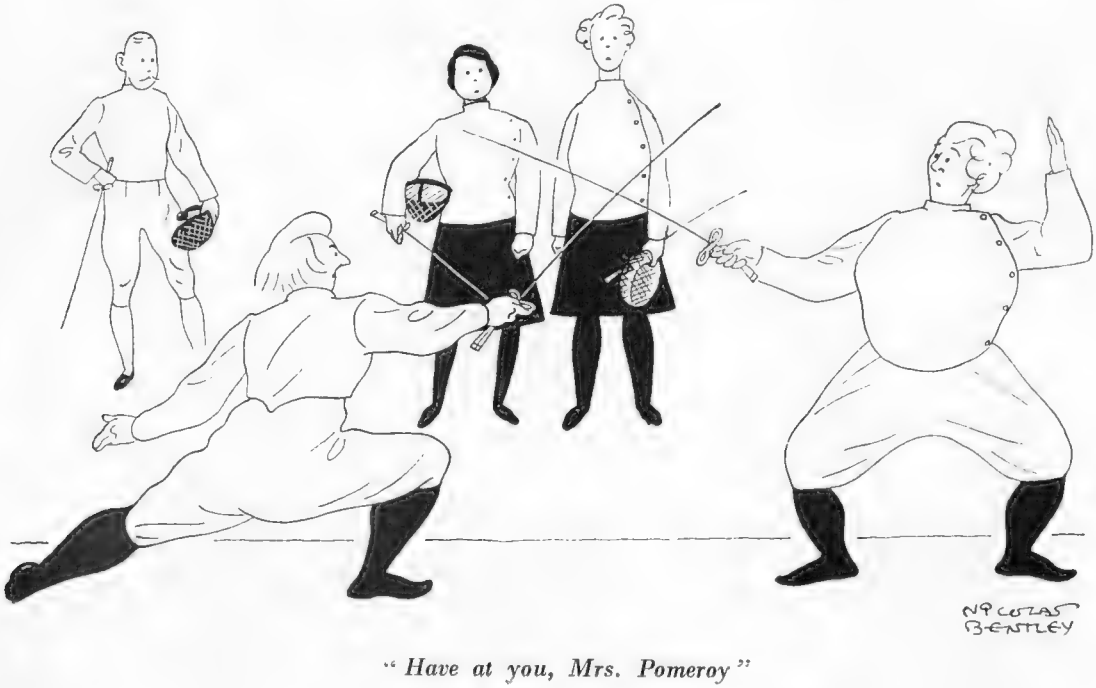
Bird

IMPERVIOUS to your jeers, we propose stating that one of the minor but distinct thrills of this Christmas came to us on seeing a Christmas-tree with a flock of those absurd glass birds of no known species hanging from it. You know those birds. They 're thin red or blue or green or spangled glass, their bodies are egg-shaped, and their crests and tails are like little soft shaving-brushes. Seeing them this holiday, it struck us for the first time that they haven't changed a jot since we were infants of party age ourselves, which was in the golden reign of Edward the Peacemaker. They brought back a lot of memories: the slow dulled rattle of cabs over snow, for example, the leathery stable smell, intoxicating as never before, the fever of anticipation, the feel of dancing-pumps slid up and down against the leg, the awful correctness of the arrival and the flushed dishevelment of the departure, the horrors of the dance, the discovery that glass birds on Christmas-trees burst when grabbed, the discovery that girls hit back (since often confirmed)—all that sort of thing.

You 'd think more of us if we went Bloomsbury about our tender years and checked every emotion by Freud and Kraft-Ebing, we know. Pooh ! Yah ! Consider our tongue stuck out at you as far as it will jolly well go.

Jinks

THE nearest we shall ever get in London to New York's present musical-comedy wow *I 'd Rather be Right*, which guys the New Deal to blazes and gives President Roosevelt, in the person of George M. Cohan, an evening of song and dance—the nearest we shall ever get to this was probably the Epilogue to the Westminster Latin Play this year, Terence's " Adelphi." This year's Epilogue had a fair amount of mild and gentle fun in it about politicians: Mr. Baldwin, for example, smoking a pipe and carrying a dummy pig, saying he was resigning, and Mr. Chamberlain landing a large fish labelled N.D.C. (for " National Defence Contribution "). Nothing to hurt a butterfly really; whereas what some of our politician boys need is a bit of good savage satire in the Rip manner. This they know full well they 're safe from as long as the Thames flows. Hence that complacency we all so admire.



" Have at you, Mrs. Pomeroy "

The Westminster Epilogue was packed with puns, as usual, some of them pretty good and dexterous—we can't quote any from memory, except "O casa!" for "O.K., Sir!", and we can't find our book of words—and all of them, as usual, admittedly owing their point to the old-fashioned Latin pronunciation. The Romans may or may not have pronounced "veni" "waynee," but it's a moral certainty no Roman past, present, or to come, could ever pronounce it "vee-nye," in the now practically obsolete and barbarous English manner, said by some to have been imposed on this country after the Reformation for State reasons. And spoken Latin can be very beautiful. The most musical Latin we ever heard was the First Bucolic, spoken in the Italian manner by a Welshman. We then realised for the first time why "Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida silvas" is held to be one of the loveliest lines ever written.

Saved

WHAT the million-circulation newspaper boys, and nobody else, call a dramatic story, was given to the world the other day by the Keeper of the Manuscripts at the British Museum. It seems that a little time after writing *Recessional* in 1897, Kipling crumpled it up and tossed it with a lot of other discarded papers in a waste-basket. Miss Sara Norton, daughter of the distinguished American scholar Charles Eliot Norton, happened to see him do it, picked the manuscript out of the basket, and prevailed upon Kipling to revise and publish it; which he did, and the poem almost immediately became National Anthem II., the line about "lesser breeds without the Law" strongly appealing to the nation as a whole. The revised original MS. is now on exhibition in the Museum, the gift of Lord Baldwin.

No doubt many better poets than Kipling have chucked away better poems than *Recessional* in this hasty manner, there being no admirer present to hold their destroying hand. Everything went well with Kipling. He was always on the crest of the wave. But suppose (we thought idly) Miss Norton, or some other admirer present, hadn't been feeling quite 100 per cent. that morning, and had simply glanced at the crumpled MS. and said, "Oh, my God!" and thrown it back again? What we mean is, a poet's greatest admirer has her off-moments, like all of us, and we bet Shakespeare himself didn't escape a rap or two from the Dark Lady over those Sonnets. We can see her lazily picking up sheets of manuscript from the floor as her Will sits dashing them feverishly off and saying cattily: "Oh, dear!" and "Well, well!" and "Lousy!" and "Too, too terrible!" and "For Heaven's sake!" and "Not a patch on Buster Marlowe."

Don't let thinking about this spoil your approach-shots.

Rap

ABOUT the only thing the official Nazi *Voelkischer Beobachter* finds to admire in London, it says, are our Tubes and motor-buses. Our taxis, it says, belong to the horse-cab era (which is true enough), our heating arrangements are 1500 years behind those of the Romans, we have no comfortable restaurants or cafés, and our laundries are just a standing joke for the comic papers. It's so long since we were in Berlin that we can't think of anything to crack back with, except that the whole city looks and feels like barracks; and as that is more or less the Prussian idea of Heaven, this riposte wouldn't score much. Such whacks at foreign capitals are rather childish, anyway. All of them (except possibly Budapest) have a lot of things behind the façade they'd rather not have mentioned.

There's only one town in the world, so far as we know, which is without blemish, and that is exquisite little Lucca in Tuscany, with which jewel of a town everybody falls in love and never falls out. Everything in Lucca is perfect, even the human beings who inhabit it, whose faces shine with all the kindly virtues. Even the old Tuscan habit of spitting on the Cathedral pavement (despite the notices courteously deprecating it) is a graceful antique gesture in Lucca, recalling all the glories of the Cinquecento, and the movement of the foot to rub it out is like the first step in some grave, stately old dance to the music of Cimarosa. No wonder the citizens of Lucca live to extreme old age and, though devout enough, are reluctant to exchange their town for Paradise.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Fancy needlework, books, oriental goods and art department—if you care for that sort of thing"

Films of the Day

Slices From American History

By George Campbell

WHEN the great actors of the screen are being discussed, nobody ever seems to think of Edward Arnold. I wonder why. In his own sphere, the sphere of American Big Business, he is supreme. Ever ready to de-bunk the Colossus with a joke against himself, humanising his ruthlessness with humour and genial sentiment (even J. J. Hill and Jay Gould were probably kind to their young), rounding out the portrait with a hundred touches at once bold and subtle, he paints the American financial buccaneer with a brilliance nobody else can touch.

IN *The Toast of New York* Mr. Arnold is at the top of his form. He plays Jim Fisk, one of the most astonishing figures of the American scene in the 1860's. Fisk had been a travelling patent medicine salesman, with a line of patter which the American hick and hill-billy found irresistible. He arrived in New York at the end of the Civil War, went into finance, and specialised in railways and steamboats, then just beginning to boom.

It was an age of wild speculation and the most unscrupulous stock manipulation that even America has ever known; and so far as Fisk was concerned, the sky was the limit. Throwing down the gauntlet to Wall Street with all the gusto of a patent medicine professor challenging a rival at a fair, he took an opera house for his offices and delighted in dressing up as an Admiral to see passengers off on the Fall River steamboat line. (How much more attractive Euston would be if you could rely on Sir Josiah Stamp turning up every day in general's uniform to see you off by the 5.15! A pleasing fancy, but I doubt if anything will come of it.)

UP to a point, *The Toast of New York* follows history with tolerable accuracy. Fisk's affaire with the actress on whom he lavished hundreds of thousands of dollars of other people's money is romanticised and bowdlerised; but the climax of the story, his attempt with Jay Gould to corner the gold market, which led to the panic of "Black Friday" and the ruin of thousands of brokers and investors, is only too true. It is true also that he was murdered, but this occurred not that day, but three years later, in 1872.

"THE TOAST OF NEW YORK" is a longish picture, but there isn't a dull moment. Rowland V. Lee has kept the thing moving at a fine tempo, the supporting cast is strong, and Mr. Arnold's performance is magnificent. Donald Meek gives a brilliant character-sketch as Daniel Drew, Frances Farmer is the charmer, and Cary Grant and Jack Oakie both do well as Fisk's associates.

IN *Wells Fargo* we are in the West, about the same period. Wells and Fargo were the founders of the first express mail service across the American continent, and what with deserts, rivers, mountains, hostile Indians and miscellaneous bandits they were kept fairly busy.

Up to a point the film, assuming you like horse opera, is excellent entertainment. The outdoor scenes of rocking stage-coaches and galloping horsemen are very well done, as they almost invariably are in American pictures, and if the rest had been up to the same standard, *Wells Fargo* might have been another *Plainsman* or *Covered Wagon*. Unfortunately, the action has been spread out over too long a period, the continuity is jerky, and interest is dissipated needlessly.

Joel McCrea looks realistic enough as the pioneer, even to the point of appearing at times with odd tufts of hair and a week's growth of beard, which at least makes a nice change after all the heroes we have seen emerging from jungle and desert looking as if they had missed the way to the Tir aux Pigeons. Frances Dee, as the heroine, is lovely to look at; and I should have liked to see more of Lloyd Nolan, as a bad, bad man of the diggings.

"AMPHITRYON," the latest importation from France (it is a French version of a Ufa production by Gunther Stapenhorst, with Reinhold Schunzel directing), is one of those things that cause dissension in the home. Some will find its classical humours delightful; to others the joke may seem too long and too thin-spun. Where they will agree, I hope, is in praising the acting. Henri Garat has the difficult task of playing (*a*) Amphitryon, the Greek warrior; (*b*) Jupiter, endeavouring to seduce Alcmene, the warrior's wife, while he is away at the war, and (*c*) Jupiter disguised as Amphitryon. His performance is something of a tour de force. Armand Bernard does well in the treble rôles of Mercury, Amphitryon's servant Sosias, and Mercury disguised as Sosias; and I liked Jeanne Boitel as Alcmene and (especially) Marguerite Moreno as Juno, keeping an eye on her philandering husband.

OF the other new films I have only space to say that *Charlie Chan on Broadway* is one of the best of the engaging series; and that *School for Husbands* is an inexpensive but polished Wainwright (British) comedy, very well acted by Rex Harrison, Diana Churchill, Henry Kendall, Romney Brent and June Clyde. Andrew Marton directed.

American History in the East

Edward Arnold, famous for his screen self-made men and ruthless business kings, is on top of form as Jim Fisk, the steamboat and railroad speculator who came to hold Wall Street in his palm during the fantastic days of the American markets. Frances Farmer is the opera singer he loves, Cary Grant his associate, the film is called "The Toast of New York," and it is at the London Pavilion

American History in the West

"Wells Fargo" deals with the same red-blooded period as "The Toast of New York," only it deals with the lightning expansion in the West. The title of the film is taken from the name of the first coaching company to run a stage across the continent: deserts, mountains, Indians, bandits, acts of God, Joel McCrea and Frances Dee (the latter two seen here) contribute to the huge canvas. The film is at the Carlton

"South Riding"

A Big Canvas at the London Pavilion

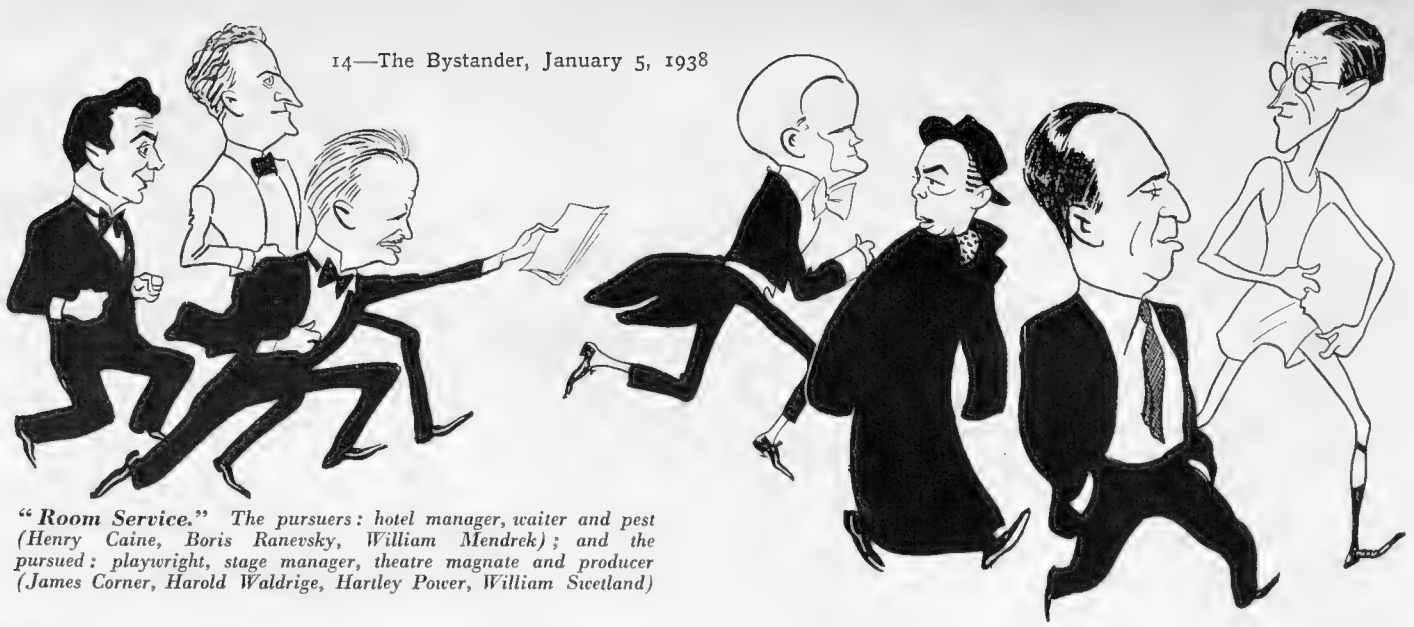
Korda took a bold step in bidding to transfer to the screen the rich colours of the late Winifred Holtby's magnificent novel of English country life. He chose his personnel well: Victor Saville as the director, Edna Best as the sincere, devoted schoolmistress, Ralph Richardson as the proud yeoman Carne, Ann Todd as the too highly mettled aristocrat who marries him, fourteen-year-old Glynis Johns as their sensitive child. The result is the film of the same name as the book, *South Riding*, which came to the London Pavilion on Monday

Edna Best Plays the Schoolmistress Sarah Burton

Ann Todd Plays the Hon. Mrs. Carne

Below: Ralph Richardson Plays Carne

Glynis Johns Plays Midge Carne



"Room Service." The pursuers: hotel manager, waiter and pest (Henry Caine, Boris Ranevsky, William Mendrek); and the pursued: playwright, stage manager, theatre magnate and producer (James Corner, Harold Waldrige, Hartley Power, William Swetland)

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"You Can't Take It With You" (St. James's)

BROADWAY has decided that this unpretentious little farcical comedy is a scream—which, on Broadway, it no doubt is. But having seen the performances at the St. James's Theatre, I am tempted to suggest that it should be followed by a revival of *The Playboy of the Western World* with a picked all-English company—say, Miss Margaret Rawlings as Pegeen Mike, Mr. Ralph Richardson as Christy Mahon, Mr. O. B. Clarence as Michael James Flaherty.

Clever as these players are, it would inevitably be found that the salt had lost its savour. As Synge cries out for Irish players, so Messrs. Kaufman and Hart cry out for Americans. Their play is a play about American classes. And the subtle distinctions between classes in any nation only members of that nation can truly portray.

THE story is simple—a girl of the lower-middle and a boy of the middle classes fall in love. The conventional snobs of the boy's family come to dine with the humble eccentrics of the girl's. As the latter include a youth who *will* whack the xylophone, a young lady who *will* practise ballet, a mother who *will* try to write plays, and a father who *will* make fireworks, you may imagine that there are plenty of disturbances. The whole party finishes up in the police-court, and difficulties are ultimately removed by a Russian Grand Duchess who, being hungry, comes to the humble family for a meal and, being discovered in the kitchen by the snobs, convinces them that here, after all, is a house not to be despised.

In our English company Miss Hilda Trevelyan, exhibiting a heart of gold and a brain of wool, runs away with all the honours. The entertainment passes off amiably and without distinction. Possibly it is the *George and Margaret* of the U.S.A. But since one must go to the U.S.A. to make sure, and since there is a limit to the expenses critics may charge up, doubt obstinately lingers.

"Room Service" (Strand)

HERE is a very different story. Again we have a Broadway "wow." But Messrs. Jack Waller and George Abbott have been shrewd enough to bring over the company as well as the play. The twang preserves the tang, and success is assured.

The fusillade of wisecracks is sometimes rather deafening. In the first act I felt that this rackety rag was too much like beating sticks on hollow tubs. The manager of a theatrical company, having run up ruinous bills in an accommodating hotel, was trying to hang on still longer without settling them. Characters burst in and out and said funny things, but it is difficult to appreciate a good joke in a high wind.

THEN, either the play improved or one became accustomed to the elements. The stay in the hotel was prolonged by bundling a green young author into bed and pretending that he had the measles. When this was no longer of avail, the green young author was bundled into bed again under the pretence that he was dead. At this point the play became so funny that several critics, myself included, were seen to laugh, what time the audience roared. And if it doesn't run six months, I 'll eat my counterfoil.

True, I am not personally partial to wisecracks. But what, after all, is a wisecrack? It is time we began trying to define this as, some years ago, we tried to define highbrow. Did Aristophanes write wisecracks? did Congreve? did Oscar Wilde? I opine one characteristic of the wisecrack to be that it is equally good out of context. The best humour is never that. But to name a characteristic is not to achieve a definition. I leave it (lest I should cramp the caricatures) to you.

Sketches by Rouson

"You Can't Take It With You." *Alice (Daphne Raglan) and her family: Penelope (Hilda Trevelyan), the inevitable ice-man (Wilfrid Caithness), Paul (Tristan Rawson), Ed (Charles Pack), Essie (Moya Nugent), and Martin (A. P. Kaye)*

Cannons of Hollywood

Mrs Sacheverell Sitwell, Wife of a Poet

Mr. and Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell were married in 1925, and have two sons, Reresby Sitwell, aged ten, and Francis Sitwell, aged two. Their home is in Northamptonshire—Weston Hall, near Towcester—but they are often in London, and may be seen at the opera, concerts, ballet, art exhibitions, occasionally in restaurants. Mrs. Sitwell is Canadian, was Georgia Doble, is the daughter of Arthur Doble, of Montreal, and sister of actress Frances Doble. Her attractive, interesting face, social gifts, exceptional dress sense make her a decorative figure in the family of brilliant fantastics into which she married. Autumn activities of her husband included the publishing of a small, delightful book on Offenbach and Paris of the composer's day called *La Vie Parisienne*, and the giving, with his sister and brother, Edith and Osbert Sitwell, of a series of lectures at University College on "Some Phases of the National Genius"

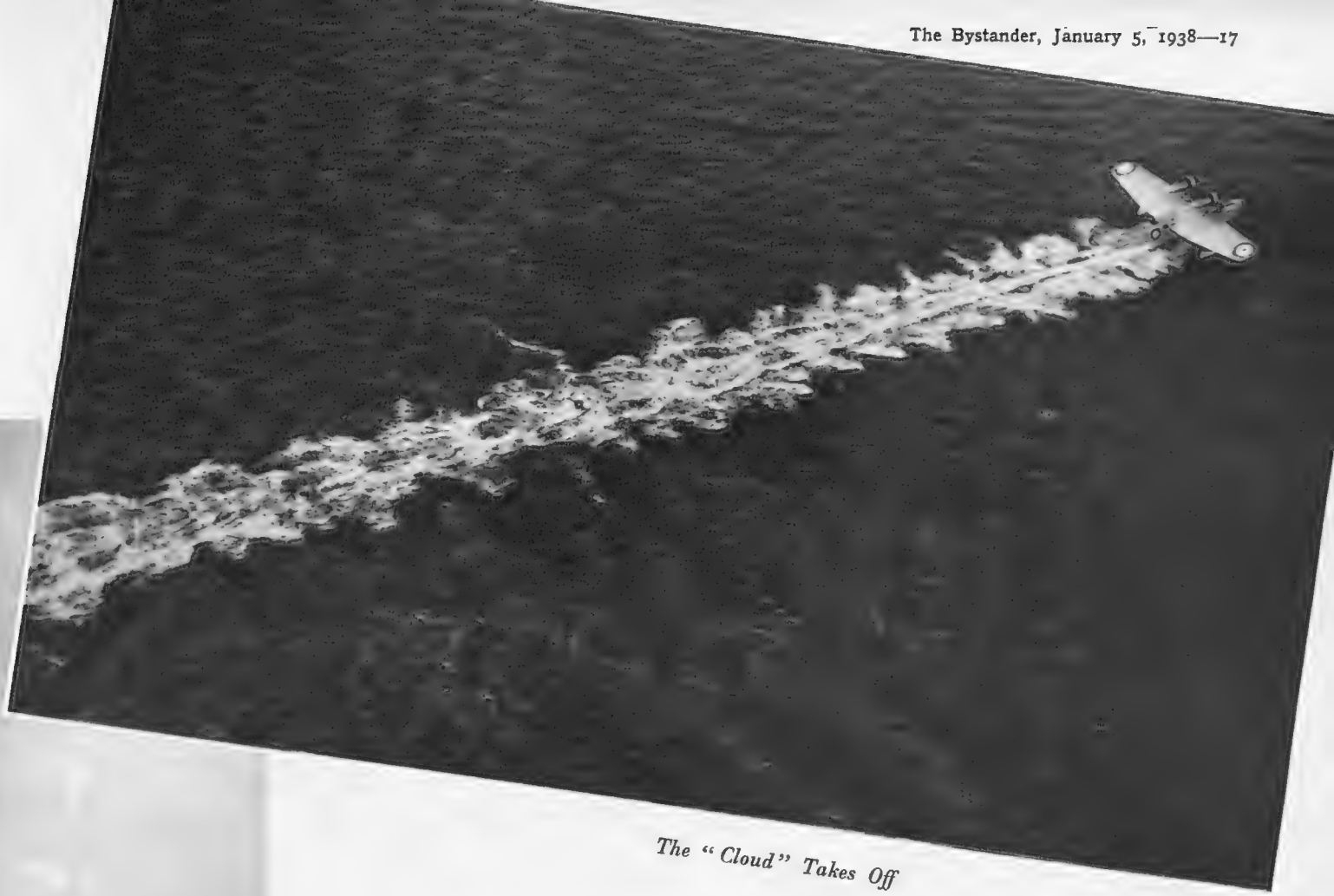
With the Services (14)

The Flying Classroom

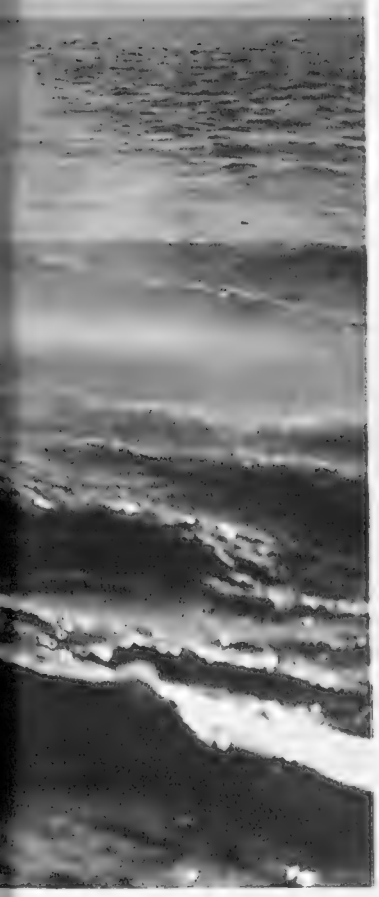
The aircraft which went through some of its paces for Mr. Parkinson to take the pictures on this page is the "Cloud" amphibian. It is attached to the Royal Air Force station at Calshot and is used for navigational and flying training. It carries a crew of five, is driven by two Armstrong-Siddeley 340-h.p. "Serval" engines, has a cruising speed of 75 knots and a maximum speed of 90 knots. One of the retractable land wheels which give the "Cloud" its amphibian character can be seen clearly in the picture below, beneath the port-side wing. The "Cloud" rides the water on her hull (steadied by two underwing floats)—she is thus a flying-boat when in her sea-going form

Norman Parkinson

The "Cloud" Gets Up Speed for Her Take-Off



The "Cloud" Takes Off



Right: the "Cloud" Clears the Sea

The Polish Ballet at Covent Garden

National Dancing That is Full of Vitality in "The Song of the Soil"

Harvest Festival in "The Song of the Soil"

In "The Song of the Soil" the company give full expression to the tremendous vitality which is the supreme quality of Polish dancers. The three scenes—Saturday Feast, the Village Wedding and the Harvest Festival—are based on national customs and dances, set to Roman Palester's music with scenery and dresses by Waclaw Borowski. The Young Girl and her Lover, on whom each of the simple themes is centred, are danced by Olga Slawska and Czeslaw Konarski

Olga Slaska

Right: "Sobotka" ("Sa da is a celebration for lo round a fire and jump ver fying flames. It is ba o pagan rite, and in Pol on the last Saturday re

This young company— wa only a few months ag has Covent Garden for three eel to continue its season the for more. Bronislava Nijinsk is director and has created n time, the five ballets of re an immense task for cho and particularly with col dancers who have at the am be welded into a ballet mp five works include the h ly *Legend of Cracow*, full d atmosphere and splendid hy *Song of the Soil*, shown in ph here, and a ballet in "sym ic the music of Chopin's pia on minor; here the austere sp lic choregraphy makes, at th no great technical demands th but the ballet itself is the st of the five. The Polish ist responsible for the settin ar have done work whose in strength have been wid p has the conducting of th Lor harmonic Orchestra by Mi

Anthony

ka and Czeslaw Konarski in the Wedding Scene

Three of the Corps de Ballet During a Rehearsal

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Playing and Working in the XVII. Century

Eight Pictures from the Burlington House Exhibition

"A Flageolet Player and Still Life" by Finsonius

"Lady Margaret Hay, Countess of Roxburghe" by Soest

"The Flute Player" by G. Dou

"A Lady and Gentleman at Harpsichord" by Metsu

The exhibition which opened at Burlington House on January 3rd is the first of the great exhibitions held there which takes its limits from time, not space. So far they have been of national schools; now it is the whole of Europe, at one time—the ebullient seventeenth century. Flemish Rubens and Van Dyck, Dutch Rembrandt and Vermeer, English Lely, French Poussin, Italian Carracci, Spanish Velasquez, they are there with their contemporaries. Sculpture, tapestries, furniture and domestic arts are also represented and, where possible, exhibits of one school are grouped together. The King has lent several important works from Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle to this exhibition, which is drawn largely from British sources

"The Effects of Intemperance" *by Jan Steen*

"Gamesters" *by Le Nain*

"Milk Seller" *by Jan Steen*

"Girl at Pump" *by N. Maes*

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Ely Culbertson—Bridge King

Ely Culbertson was in London last month (when this photograph was taken), but he left for Paris before Christmas. The man has done some extraordinary things with bridge—made it into a science, into big business for himself, into front-page news, as well as throwing the stone of his system disturbingly into a myriad quiet pools of suburban small-club and family bridge at a penny to a shilling a hundred. He inherits science from his American mining engineer father, and has handed it on to his nine-year-old son, who is going to be a scientist himself. His daughter is going to be an actress or a dancer: perhaps that bent comes from her Russian grandmother. The children's parents are lately divorced, but are not breaking their bridge and business partnerships: the Culbertson combination across the green baize table has been very much part of the strange success story of this ace player of his cards

"Bystander" Short Story No. 120

Two Towns Ahead

By Stuart Jackson

Illustration by Tegetmeier

MARCUS SCHLEMANN was a mixture of a man, a queer little fellow with a wispy moustache and melancholy, apathetic air. Nobody quite knew what his origin might be, and nobody cared. He was just one of that swarm of cosmopolitan flies that mill over the face of the American map.

A nondescript? But, no! Marcus (shades of his Roman namesake!) was not without his great passion. Marcus loved. My heavens, but *how* he loved!

He had a hopeless passion for Li, who was the reigning strip-tease queen of the touring burlesque show that Marcus publicised.

Marcus would have died for Li—and nearly did. But he had never met her, because, as the "advance man," he was always elsewhere when she arrived—paving the way for the proper exploitation of her charms, two towns ahead.

He carried a battered portfolio of pictures of her on his repetitive travels through the small towns of the Middle West.

He always spoke conscientiously of her "art." When they said coarsely, "Say, who 's this strip-teaser you got comin' to town?" Marcus was shocked.

Through his idealistic eyes he saw her as the ultimate fulfilment of himself as a man. She was the luscious fruit out of reach: the unapproachable, the inaccessible. The sheer magnificence of that Junoesque figure magnetised the little man.

How could he know of the cynical Li who leered at her audience as she "walked the plank," while thick-necked hicks sat in the flea-bitten seats, breathing like bulls?

Li had no illusions about life, and the "hicks" had no illusions about Li. It was Marcus who had the illusions, because of the essential purity of his passion.

But Marcus was not the only one who suffered the agonies of a secret and unrequited love. There was Anna, you see—Anna Ribbenbeck.

Anna had seen Marcus three times in her life, had gone out of her way to snatch a glimpse of him when the exigencies of "advance publicity" brought him to Nine Pines.

Nothing exciting had ever happened to Anna. Nobody had ever dropped her a romantic word. She kept herself "to herself," did Anna. She was so "respectable" that it hurt. Anna was domestic help at the ultra-respectable home of the Blenkinsops, pillars of convention in Nine Pines.

She was paid five dollars a week, permitted the crumbs that fell from the Blenkinsop table, and "slept out." Nobody had ever been sufficiently interested to wish to alter Anna's sleeping arrangements.

She had first encountered Marcus on a day when she was heavy-laden with the Blenkinsop groceries. Her burden had burst from its paper bags, and Marcus, the gallant, had retrieved potatoes from under the passing "traffic"—two bicycles and a dog-cart.

He had insisted on carrying the groceries right to the Blenkinsop back door. Then he had smiled kindly, raised his hat, and bestowed upon her a complimentary ticket for the forthcoming, third-rate show.

Maybe it was the hat that clinched it. Nobody had ever raised his hat to Anna before.

She had worshipped Marcus from that moment. Her white knight in a derby hat. The calendar of her life was determined henceforward by his infrequent visits to Nine Pines. She seemed to know by instinct when to get a glimpse of him.

She glamorised that wisp of a man in the secret places of her lonely heart.

Marcus had forgotten her existence.

He just went on publicising Li's approach, and worshipping *her* in the dumb distance. He was not exactly happy. But as it always surprised Marcus to get anything out of life, anyway, he was not unhappy.

Misery struck him suddenly in the midriff. Li got married. She married a man named Joss Drule, a great hulk of an animal who understood Li only too well. After a hectic honeymoon spent in the gin parlours of a succession of small towns, Drule settled back to live off Li's earnings until death did them part.

Marcus pined for the illusions of the past. At a stroke his strip-teasing goddess had become mortal.

But in time he found himself pulling out of it. At heart he was an incorrigible optimist. He got philosophic, too. What did *he* count, anyway? His love for Li had always been on an altruistic plane. He must forget. Li was a "respectable, happily married woman" now.

Marcus had still to learn that Li was neither respectable nor happy.

He learned the latter before the former. And he learned it by accident in the course of buying a drink for a raucous comic who had been fired from Li's show.

Marcus had been making timorous inquiries about her. He had not dared ask too much in case the other man should see how much it meant to him. He had tried to be off-hand, nonchalant.

"And now she 's happily married!" he observed, and, withal, he hadn't been able to keep the wistfulness out of his voice.

The other shot him an incredulous look, and then said with emphasis:

"Happily nuthin'! Where d' yar get that idea? Why, them two 's like a coupla fighting cats. Lion 'n leopardess in the same cage together, with Drule doubling the part of the tamer, when he ain't too drunk. He cracks the whip all right, all right, does Joss. The big polooka!"

Marcus stood aghast. The revelation had come so casually from this out-of-work.

"Say!" he breathed—"you don't mean . . .?" He paused. The blood surged to his head at the very idea.

"Mean what, pal?"

Marcus forced himself to spit out the conjecture.

"I mean—I mean—well, you aren't gonna tell me he actually . . . *beats* her?"

Two Towns Ahead *(Continued)*

"Sure he beats her!" said the comic, cynically. "Yu didn't think I meant he stroked the body beautiful with a posy of lilies, did yu? Drule ain't that romantic."

"But—but beats her for *what*?"

"Oh, fer the exercise, maybe—or when she ain't disposed to loosen up with the dollars. Drule don't reckon to work hisself, see?"

Marcus went dead white. A fierce rage shook his small being. His Juno thrashed by a drunken husband! His goddess unhappy! It was more than he could bear. He blundered from the bar out into the night.

He stumbled back to his room in the small and shabby hotel in Nine Pines where once again he happened to be. There was no cessation of his inner rage; it fed on its own fire as the black hours of that night dragged by.

There was no sleep for Marcus. He sat on the edge of his bed in a Goethe-like despair. Mosquitoes dashed themselves in chagrin against the wire gauze that covered the window of his room. Physically and mentally the atmosphere was insufferable. No breath of air stirred to bring relief from a heat wave that had smitten the Middle West. No mental breeze blew to refresh the mind of little Marcus. He was in hell.

On an impulse he arose, an avenger in shirt-sleeves and suspenders. And it was then that Marcus, out of the volcano of his emotions, did a very silly thing.

He sat down and dashed off an anonymous letter addressed to Joss Drule. Sillier still, he mailed it immediately it was written—c/o the theatre in Tolcus, two towns away, where Li was appearing that week.

He was past caring or thinking of the fact that he had penned that string of venom on hotel notepaper. His was not the cunning mind which anticipates the come-backs in advance.

Three days later, on the Thursday morning of that week, the *Tolcus Sentinel* came out with the blaring headline:

BURLESQUE QUEEN'S HUSBAND MURDERED

The lurid report told how Joss Drule had been found shot to death the previous night. The crime had been discovered by his wife when she returned to the apartment in the small hours.

The report added, ambiguously:

"Mrs. Drule—better known to local burlesque patrons under her stage name of Li Baker—has been able to provide the police with a strong clue."

Twelve hours later, a detective with a lack-lustre smile which proceeded from a profound distrust of his fellow-men, arrived in Nine Pines and arrested Marcus. It had been so easy to trace the writer of that silly letter.

He took him to Tolcus, there to await trial.

The circumstantial evidence against Marcus was certainly substantial. Everybody seemed to think so. Marcus was bewildered by their certainty. He almost began to wonder if he had gone mad overnight and made the 200 miles journey to Tolcus in that madness. Had he?

"But I couldn't have done it," he told himself repeatedly in the solitude of his cell. "I was two towns ahead at the time."

It was his only alibi. But who could support it? Nobody had taken much notice of the comings and goings of such a nondescript as Marcus at any time in Nine Pines. Nobody except one, whose existence he had forgotten.

Came the day of the case: "State versus Marcus Schlemann."

There is no need to dwell on the usual details of the actual trial. The procedure was much the same as Marcus had seen it represented in the movies, only this time it did not seem so real. When the State was not "resting," a persistent fellow kept shooting a finger at Marcus and barking, "I suggest." Or his own lawyer was always jumping up with "objections." Marcus saw and heard it all through a haze of bewilderment.

He also saw Li for the first time. His Juno, in person, looked more voluptuous than ever in black. He caught his breath at the sight of her.

Even conventional mourning caressed her magnificent figure. But her voice was not the music he had imagined.

"You say, Mrs. Drule, that when your late husband received the letter written by the accused he showed it to you?"

"Yeah."

"Did he make any comment about it?"

"Yeah. He said, 'Whadya suppose about that!'"

"And what did you say?"

"I said, 'It looks like someone's gunning for you, Joss. You'd better watch out,' I said."

"It has been suggested by the defence that you were not happy with your husband."

"Drule an' me had our differences. Who hasn't?"

"And that is all—'differences?'"

"I guess so."

"Your husband didn't beat you?"

"No," lied Drule's widow. "Never."

"There was no reason why anybody should write your husband in the venomous terms expressed in that letter—except, possibly, from reasons of spite and jealousy?"

"There wasn't no reason."

"So when you returned to your apartment on the night of August 12th, to find your husband brutally murdered, you instantly connected the crime with the writer of that letter?"

"Surely."

"You can think of nobody else who might have had a motive?"

"Nobody."

"Thank you, Mrs. Drule."

"You 're welcome!"

The Punch-and-Judy business of the law drew to its conclusion.

The puppets had stopped bobbing up and down now. There was a listening silence, cut into by one sonorous voice.

As from a great distance, Marcus heard the judge saying:

". . . Schlemann admits writing the letter, but on account of that it does not necessarily follow that he was Drule's murderer. It was extremely foolish of him to have listened to the slander which led him to pen that incriminating missive. But on that the evidence against him is purely circumstantial. That it is strongly so, though, must obviously weaken his case considerably in your eyes, members of the jury.

"If, however, the accused were able to satisfy the court that he was in some place other than Tolcus on the night of August 12th during the hours when the crime was committed—*if* he could prove such an alibi, then the State has no case against him.

"Unfortunately, for him, he has not been able to satisfy the court on this most vital point. He persists in a story which he cannot prove. He has been unable to produce one witness who can support his contention that he was 200 miles away when. . . ."

At this point there was a dramatic interruption. A frenzied figure, a plain and distraught young woman, rose in the body of the court, and cried shrilly:

"Stop it! stop it! I can't bear it any more. He didn't do it—he *didn't* do it!"

There was a fervid stir in court. Heads craned. Excited whispers were quelled.

The girl who had cried out thus hadn't much "shape," as you might say. She wouldn't have looked so good with her spindle-like legs crossed on the witness stand when they said, "Be seated, please."

Dully, Marcus wondered who on earth she might be. Memory stirred but vaguely to help him identify her.

"Can you tell us anything about this case?" asked the judge, after a pause.

"Yes," said the girl in a low voice.

"Have her sworn as a witness."

Anna Ribbenbeck took the stand.

"Can you tell the court where the accused was on the night in question?"

"Yes, I can," replied Anna, resolutely.

"Where was he?"

"He—he stayed the night with me in Nine Pines."

At this, all the conventional in court exclaimed, "Oh!" Anna added: "It was to save my name coming out that he wouldn't tell you where he *really* was."

Consternation in court. Sympathy swung towards the little man right away. Silence to save a woman's honour! This was the tit-bit the "audience" really liked. Marcus was, indeed, an honourable Roman.

And nobody was more amazed than Marcus, who had, in truth, merely gone for a walk in the desert on the fateful night. Was this creature mad? At all events, he was too weary and disillusioned about everything to argue about anything any longer. The girl, of course, *was* crazy—but why should he worry? He didn't realise that the heart and soul of Anna loved him with a great and simple passion.

Now the hubbub had subsided a little. There was an expression of expectancy everywhere. The jury was obviously shaken to the core. This girl had come forward to crucify herself in the eyes of Nine Pines and environs for all time. Farewell to a cherished respectability!

The jury—as rabid a bunch of sentimentalists as ever flattered themselves on an unbiased outlook—knew its Nine Pineans. Only ultimate truth and justice could have led a girl like Anna to sacrifice her good name. Besides, this nondescript little man and this insignificant young woman were such an obvious "*match*."

The jury's mind was made up in half-a-minute. They acquitted Marcus.

He was conscious of people pressing forward to shake his hand, of being congratulated on something or other. Then he was aware that Anna was plucking timidly at his coat sleeve.

In a dim way he was grateful to her, but he sighed as, like Lot's wife, he looked back towards Li for the last time.

A great sadness engulfed him. So this was the cruel travesty called life? There may be a Jill for every Jack—but that's not much consolation to Jack when his heart has gone out to a Juno.

Ah, well, what else but this homely creature could he have expected, anyway?

He smiled wanly at Anna, experimentally. She smiled back bravely. Her eyes were not unattractive, he decided. For the first time in his life he felt lordly towards a woman.

"C'mon," he said off-handedly—and they left the court together.

The night after the trial, back-stage of the theatre where she was appearing, Li's favourite confidante, one Sadie Schultz, was regaling her friend with copious gins and ginger ale.

They sat in a cubicle dignified by the title of "dressing-room." It was a room that seemed to be suffering from a perpetual hang-over. Even the settee on which the two sat contrived to seem obscene. The walls were fly-blown and the pungent smell of stale powder over hung the confined space. Everywhere was the litter that was Li.

Sadie had an insatiable curiosity. She had hoped the gin would loosen Li's tongue—and it had. Sadie had just mentioned Marcus.

"Did that guy reely mean anythin' to you?" she asked, curiously.

"Me fall for a little twerp like that?" Li echoed scornfully—"I should say not!"

"I wonder who dunnit, though——"

"How the hell should I know who dunnit?"

There was a pause, and then the other, on an inspiration, said suddenly:

"Li—*you* dunnit!"

Li laughed, full of gin and bravado.

"Yeah, that's right," she admitted casually. "I bumped off Drule. He had it comin'. He was a runt, and I slugged him."

"And turned the blame on the twerp?"

"Sure."

"My!" exclaimed Sadie, in admiration and awe. "Ain't you the smartie!"

THE END.

Fashion as it flies . . .

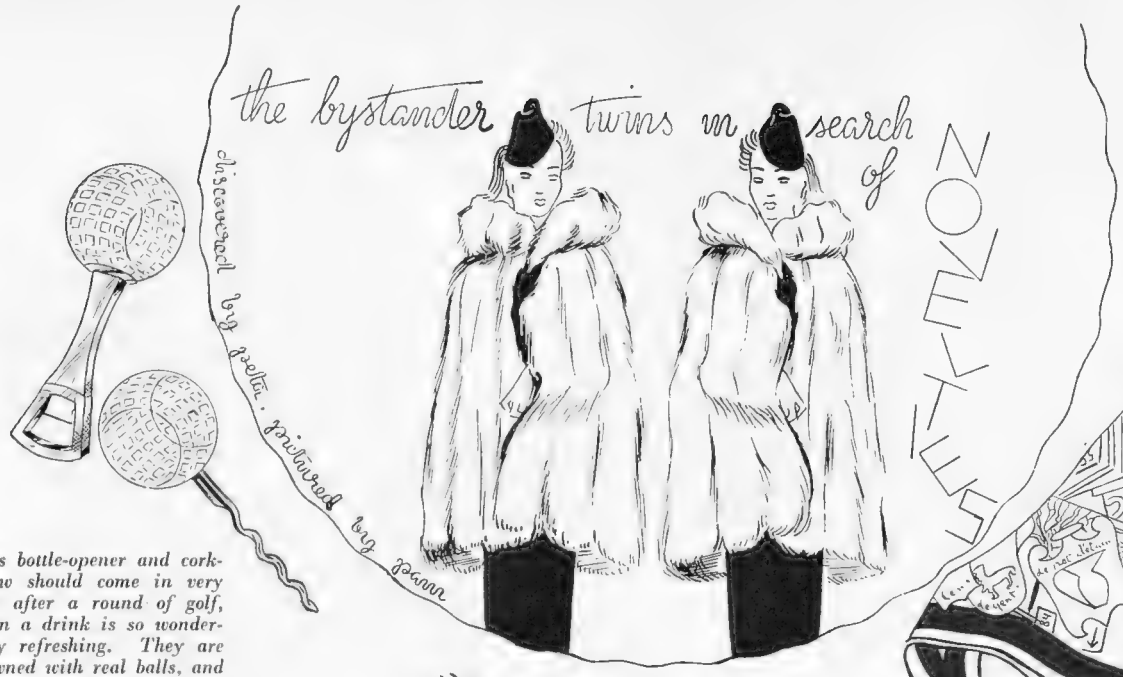
by Elizabeth

Furs are among the few investments which never fall below par, but always pay a generous dividend, and now is the time to buy them, as Bradleys, Chepstow Place, have just begun their Winter Sale. It will continue until January 29th, and an illustrated catalogue will be sent free. Everything in the fur department is greatly reduced, including the luxurious broadtail coat above. It is coal-black and as soft as silk, with beautiful markings. The slender lines on which it is cut and the lavish use of silver-fox trimming are points to notice, while the sweep of the skirt is particularly graceful. An entirely new note is struck by the collar, which frames the face and ties with a bow in front. Mink is another lovely fur which stands out for luxury and beauty. It is made into full-length coats and graceful capes of varying lengths, while the intricate working of the skins is an art in itself. There is, however, an unending choice of the finest quality furs at real bargain prices, and it is merely a question of taste as to whether you prefer mink, Russian ermine, sable, or Persian lamb, to say nothing of the others

Scott Bushe

Right For Riding

Modern parents could hardly make a better New Year resolution than to give their children riding lessons. As even a child who does not usually notice clothes will take a deep interest in her riding equipment, she should, of course, be taken to Moss Bros., of King Street, Covent Garden, who thoroughly understand all the essential details. They are always ready to advise a novice, and in their attractive showrooms they have all the accessories that make up a complete outfit. The schoolgirl in the picture is wearing a tweed coat (52/6) over her high-necked sweater and jodhpurs; these are from 32/6. Her jockey cap, for 18/6, is stiffened and "spill-proof." Later in the year she will wear a poplin shirt, but a riding mackintosh will always be useful, and this firm have them in many different sizes. Her elder sister has chosen well-cut breeches, available from three guineas, with perfectly fitting boots at the same price and a check coat for £2 15s. The shirts are tailored in poplin or flannel of various shades, with amusing printed ties. Soft hats are comfortable for hacking; they are in "tweed" tones to suit the coat, but if you long for a touch of colour there are really bright string gloves, as well as the more neutral shades


the bystander twins in search of NOVELTIES
discovered by petta. pictured by pam

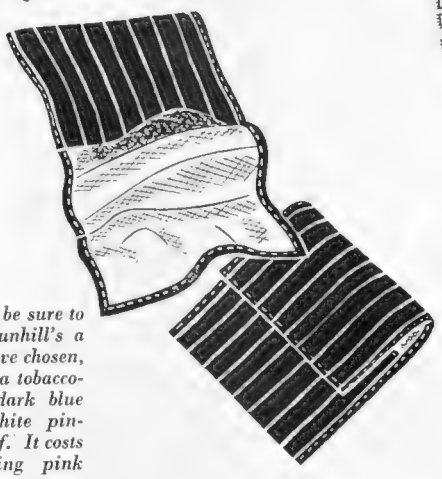
This bottle-opener and corkscrew should come in very well after a round of golf, when a drink is so wonderfully refreshing. They are crowned with real balls, and cost 12/6 each at Dunhill's, 30, Duke Street, Piccadilly

Next time you are motoring in France, wear this road map scarf round your neck or tied over your head. It is made in brightly-coloured silk twill, printed with the names of well-known road-houses along the principal routes. Ships, of Lansdowne Row, have it for 30/-, together with a matching handbag for the same price

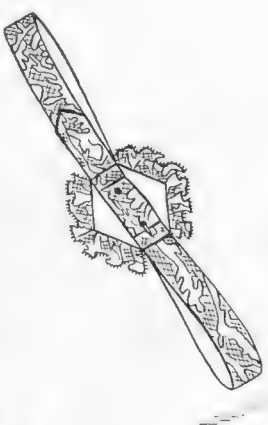
People who are fond of walking should always carry this pedometer from Dunhill's, as it will register any distance covered on foot up to a thousand miles. Provided it is kept in a vertical position, it can be carried in a handbag or pocket like a watch

This Tyrolean peasant girl dressed in gay colours carries cigarettes concealed in the folds of her dress. She costs 12/6 at Dunhill's and is a welcome addition to any household; also at dinner-parties

There is little fear of this note-case getting lost if you stamp it and write the name and address of the owner. Shaped like an envelope in white or coloured calf, it is an exact replica of letters sent through the post, and may be seen at Dunhill's



Next time you order a suit be sure to get your tailor to send Dunhill's a piece of the material you have chosen, large enough to make into a tobacco-pouch. This one is in dark blue men's suiting with a white pin-stripe, and is lined with calf. It costs 12/6, or 17/6 in hunting pink



Black and white are as much the rage as ever, particularly for accessories, and this charming belt from Ships could hardly fail to flatter. It is in white kid veiled in black lace and trimmed with a buckle edged with frilling

Wear this cashmere shirt next time you play golf and trust that it may inspire your game, as it surely will. It is neatly tailored with a Peter Pan collar, and costs 49/6 at Ships. The players are depicted in bright colours on a light ground

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Floreat Etona: By Alan Thomas

ETON, being not only a famous English public school but also an English institution, can be, as of right, and often is, boasted of, grumbled at, praised or criticised by any Tom, Dick or Harry, whether he knows a thing about the place or not. To those who desire to know something about it, or maybe are thinking how nice it would be to send their sons to Eton, I can thoroughly recommend *Eton Portrait*, by Bernard Fergusson (John Miles; 15*s*.). It is a picture of everyday life at the school, described from the point of view of a boy. The author, who, we are told, left Eton only nine years ago, has clearly enjoyed himself—both as a pupil and as an author. He has a pleasant, light-hearted style and a turn for brief but effective description. To understand how Eton is governed is to understand much of how England is governed. Somehow or other, the show runs itself. "Some of the best houses," says Mr. Fergusson, "have been those where the Tutor appeared to know nothing. . . . It is a wonderful thing how little the boys feel the touch of the masters in out-of-school discipline." Or again, in a passage about the O.T.C.: "There is no conscription. Most people do join at the required age of fifteen; but public opinion, not pressure by the authorities, is the chief factor in recruiting." "Required" is good. But note the subtlety of it all. No pressure, no mailed fist—all done by kindness. Free to do what you like, in fact—so long as you do what you're told! The book, by the way, is worth getting for the illustrations. Mr. Moholy-Nagy, who is responsible for them, is an artist at his job.

"OUT of the world and likely to remain so" is the keynote of Mr. Francis Brett Young's *Portrait of a Village* (Heinemann; 8*s*. 6*d*.). This is a delightful book. Monk's Norton, the imaginary community whose life Mr. Brett Young describes, lies in the Severn country. Even in days when speedy travel and wireless are eliminating distances and bringing the outside world into every home, Monk's Norton remains self-sufficient and self-centred. Tradition is enshrined there, and the rhythm of life proceeds with regularity. Starting from the lower rungs of the social ladder Mr. Brett Young introduces us to the chief inhabitants: the innkeeper, the postmistress, the postmistress's lodger, the saddler, the butcher, and so on to Mr. Jagger, who, not being a native of Monk's Norton, was at first regarded with suspicion as a foreigner, but now has become the chief "authority" on the village and is thought of as "a character." After the villagers come the Quality: the doctor, the parson, the county folk and, on the top rung of all, Miss Abberley; for the Abberleys regard even the Norman d'Abitots and Pomfrets as "recent interlopers." One of the best pictures is that of Captain Archie Grafton, a relic of the war, whose anxiety it always is to be doing "the soldierly thing." The book, in fact, is a gallery of living portraits. And Miss Joan Hassall's excellent woodcuts are admirably suited to the text.

IN his book, *The Morning Post*, 1772-1937, *Portrait of a Newspaper* (Routledge; 7*s*. 6*d*.), Mr. Wilfrid Hindle allows the paper to do what it has been accustomed to do for the past century and a half—to speak for itself. And no paper has felt surer about its sentiments or been able to voice them with greater vigour in its time than the *Morning Post*. As Mr. Hindle says, there was a "Be damned to you!" savour about it that singled it out even among independent papers, and gave it a reputation that was pretty well unique. And the peculiar thing about this typically English product was that Irishmen, Welshmen, Scotsmen and Jews did as much for the paper as any Englishman; and that, for all its conservatism, it stood in its latter days as a monument of Liberal individualism. At the end of the eighteenth century the *Morning Post* absorbed *The Telegraph*; and now, by a stroke of irony, another *Telegraph* has absorbed the *Morning Post*. It was a gentleman's paper, and the ungentlemanliness of the age in which we live was probably too much for it. Mr. Hindle has brought knowledge, care and judgment to the writing of this book; and in so far as it has been possible to record the history—and particularly the political history—of the *Morning Post* at so short an interval after its demise, his achievement is one of which the *Morning Post* itself might well have been proud.

COMMANDER A. B. CAMPBELL, whose name will be familiar to all wireless fans, must surely be blessed with a happy disposition. I say this partly because, as I write, his cheery countenance is smiling up at me from the frontispiece of his book, *With the Corners Off* (Harrap; 8*s*. 6*d*.)—and the Commander's smile would warm the heart of an abominable snowman; and partly because of the impression conveyed by this book of entertaining reminiscences. It is the story of his adventurous life on land and sea—his experiences among the Indian tribes of Northern Canada, his days at sea in the mercantile marine, and later during the war his service in the ill-fated merchant cruiser Otranto. After the war, he did odd jobs and even founded a successful publishing house; and now he enjoys the rare privilege of "yarning" through the microphone without a previously approved script; and if that isn't proof that his corners have been well and truly chipped off, the Commander 's the worst story-teller in the world, and I 'm the Bishop of Rum-ti-Foo.

ACROSS the Gobi Desert through Chinese Turkestan, over the Himalayas into India—this was the journey that Captain (now Sir) Francis Younghusband made in 1887, and the account of it, first published in 1896, has now been reissued in *The Heart of a Continent*, by Sir Francis Younghusband (John Murray; 9*s*.), to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of this classic journey. Two new chapters have been added: one in which he discusses the objects of his journey, the other in which he gives some account of the changes that have taken place in that region since he went there. One of the most recent travellers in those parts is Peter Fleming; and it is an interesting reflection on the progress of civilisation in this very primitive part of the world that he had much more difficulty with the people on account of civil troubles than Sir Francis did fifty years earlier.

"What! We're not playing for money? Well, five no-trumps"

This is one of the bookful of jokes by Hynes—whose wit is well known to "Bystander" readers—published by Werner Laurie under the title, "Cocktail Cavalcade"

And Again Switzerland

Mrs. "Bill" Bracken

Had just decided to lean her skis against that tree before waxing them. She and her husband have got nearly a hundred of his pupils —the "Gadarenes"—with them at Davos

Miss Patricia Raeburn

Left: a Mürren regular is Patricia Raeburn, and one of its racing experts. She won the Scottish Ski Championship three years ago, when she was seventeen

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Scaife

Are an American couple ski-ing at St. Moritz. Mrs. Scaife is a granddaughter of the late Andrew Mellon

Mr. Wyatt

Colin Wyatt put on his boots while he waited for the Parsenn railway. His ski-ing clothes make news, and also add colour to the local landscape

Earl Jellicoe at a Railway Station

Left: Lord Jellicoe was also waiting for a train at the Parsennbahn, and not for his first trip of the day, judging by the snow on his skis and trousers

Right: "Bill" Bracken and Mlle. Maeve Lejeune made a picture in and on his car, which has the new "warmers" on its windscreen to stop snow and frost blocking the view

Mr. Bracken and Mlle. Lejeune in a Car

These two are Mr. R. O. Hobhouse, the president of the Mardens Ski Club at Klosters, and Mr. Robert Readhead, captain of the Oxford team which beat Cambridge at Davos: he himself won the downhill event in 14 min., 30 secs. Picture taken at Davos

These three are all keen bobsleigh riders: Herr Hachman, formerly secretary to the German bobsleigh association, Mr. Hubert Martineau, president of the St. Moritz bobsleigh club, and Mme. Vermeersch, the lady bobber from Brussels. Picture taken at St. Moritz

These three are the Palmer- right is his daughter du Ski team last year; bridge at Cervinia last his University's victory

Howard Marshall on Sport

I DON'T know whether you are making any good sporting resolutions for the New Year, beyond a determination to pick a few more winners. Probably you don't need to, for it would ill become me to suppose that your attitude to sport is anything but correct. I feel, however, that a sort of mass resolution to take games rather less seriously might be very much to the point.

The spectators, for example, who threw oranges at the referee during a recent Arsenal Soccer match might with advantage polish up their sense of humour. As for the Australian crowd which hooted Donald Budge because he dared to enjoy himself during a match with von Cramm, it seems to me that they should apologise to the players, whereas Budge and the New South Wales Lawn Tennis Association actually apologised to them.

IT is a little disquieting to reflect that we have reached a stage when players dare not too obviously enjoy themselves. Budge, it appears, thought less about winning his match than amusing himself by making experimental strokes. And I must confess that I don't blame him. The life of a champion games player must be a miserable affair nowadays. Always he has to be at the top of his form, never relaxing for a moment, never ceasing to think with grim concentration of anything but the necessity for winning.

I have often said—and I begin the New Year shamelessly by repeating the remark—that I think it would be an excellent thing if we declared an Armistice in international and representative sport for two or three years. What a relief it would be if we could play games once more with the simple motive of enjoyment!

There are rumours that before very long Budge will turn professional; and that is surely the sensible and logical outcome of his present position. If he cannot play tennis for enjoyment as an amateur, why should he not turn it into a very profitable business and have done with it?

The American Davis Cup Committee might not be so pleased, but their Budge for our Perry seems a very fair exchange.

THERE have been other schemozzles in the sporting world which make unpleasant reading—a stand-up fight at an ice-hockey match among them.

Spasmodic scrapping in ice-hockey is no unusual thing—just part of the general excitement. But this was a more serious and protracted affair; and I cannot believe that all is well with a game when such outbreaks occur. The ice-hockey players are pleasant, intelligent fellows and remarkably adept at their hectic sport. I dare say, if left to themselves, there would be very little of this emotionalism. The hysterical crowds are mainly responsible, and it is the mass attitude to games which causes most of our troubles.

I SUPPOSE we shall have the same sort of thing when the Australian cricketers come over here next summer. In the meanwhile, the cricket reformers are still busy—Lord Aberdare's plea for smaller grounds has caused some interest—and the amazing Don Bradman continues to deplete the sporting writer's stock of adjectives.

That double century of his last week must have been a remarkable performance, though I am afraid he will equal it rather too often in England this year.

BY the time this appears the final Rugby trial at Twickenham will have settled some of our problems and conceivably have created others.

Blackheath Beat Sale by 20 Points to 13

D. T. Kemp, a Blackheath forward, failed to intercept the Sale fly-half, P. G. Street, as he dashed up the Rectory Field to score a try for his side. Sale crossed the line three times and converted twice, Blackheath crossed the line and converted four times; they thus won by seven points

Tomkinsons, a ski-ing family. Centre is Mr. T. Palmer-Tomkinson; Helen, who raced for the British Ladies Fédération Internationale eft is his son, Jimmy, who captained Oxford's team against Cam- ear, and who was at Davos (where this was taken) to watch his Christmas. Oxford have now won seven times, Cambridge eight

Lord Tennyson's XI Against All-India

Lord Tennyson's team which won the second of the (unofficial) tests at Bombay by six wickets was J. Langridge, J. Hardstaff, G. H. Pope, A. W. Wellard, A. R. Gover, W. J. Edrich, P. A. Gibb, N. W. Yardley, Lord Tennyson, T. S. Worthington, J. H. Parks. The third test began last week-end

I don't know what the Selectors thought of the Barbarian match against Leicester last Tuesday, when J. R. Auty at stand-off half played so brilliantly. There are many people who think that Auty should be in the England team; and it is true that up to a point he is our equivalent of Cliff Jones. His running in attack has the Jones touch about it and it is possible that, with a Wooller to keep in touch with him and round off his movements, he might be the man we want.

At Leicester, mind you, he was up against weak defence and, with Gadney's beautiful passes from the scrummage, he merely had to go jinking through without resistance. International football is not quite the same, and the Selectors may wonder whether Auty would be as effective after the Welsh back-row forwards had caught him once or twice.

I think myself that the England team will be unexciting but sound. The preliminary stages of selection have caused a great deal of argument simply because there are no outstanding candidates for the mid-field positions.

Cranmer, for all that, is playing very much better constructive football this year, whatever his critics may say; and I fancy we can look forward to the Welsh match with some confidence.

JUST a word about boxing. Tommy Farr, I see, is spurring Mog Mason, his protégé, to victory in Canada, and at the same time exuding confidence over the outcome of his fight with Jimmy Braddock. Farr should beat Braddock easily enough, and I don't suppose Joe Louis will have much trouble with Nathan Mann, the New Haven heavyweight, on February 23rd.

Mann is an aggressive fighter with a useful left hook, and he has to his credit a victory over Bob Pastor, who back-pedalled so successfully against Joe Louis that he avoided being knocked out.

We cannot really take these contests as anything more than warming-up preliminaries to the return fight for the world's championship between Louis and Farr. From the promoters' point of view it would obviously be unprofitable if either of the principals were beaten before the great day.

The crowd in America want to see a Louis-Farr return, and there is the international element about this scrap which gives it a particular flavour. As a money-maker it is the best bet any promoter could have, and therefore we need not anticipate any upsets in form before it actually takes place.

A Meet in Norfolk

The Earl of Rocksavage displayed no after-Christmas depression at the Boxing Day meet of the West Norfolk at Raynham Hall, Lord Townshend's home. Lord Rocksavage is Lord Cholmondeley's heir

A Meet in Worcestershire

The Croome met at Madresfield Court, Great Malvern, just after Christmas, and Lord Beauchamp was their host. With him in this picture is his son Richard, who came of age on Christmas Day. He was at school at Westminster, and has since played Soccer for Worcester City

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Amateur Golf in 1937

THE first event of interest to golfers in 1937 was not a golfing event, but a social one; it was the wedding of Miss Joyce Wethered and Sir John Heathcoat-Amory on January 6th, the day before the President's Putter meeting, the first golf event of importance, started.

John Beck won the President's Putter after rather an extraordinary final, in which his superior play through the green was neutralised time after time by weak putting. When, after refusing to rub it in, he was one down on the eighteenth tee, he looked beaten, but won the hole with a great four (the hole required two full shots with wood at the time) and also the nineteenth, a hole at which he is always a difficult man to get the better of.

In March the BYSTANDER'S magnificent £500 Trophy was won at Felixstowe by R. H. Romyn, of the Bridlington Golf Club, who plays from a handicap of six. Romyn is a regular supporter of this meeting, and has done well in it on several occasions, so his victory was naturally popular, especially with those who make it their business to attend this meeting year after year.

At the end of March the Cambridge team, which at one time appeared a certainty for the match, just scrambled home against Oxford at Prince's, Sandwich, and was not unlucky to do so.

In the same month A. D. Locke for the second time won both the Amateur and Open Championships of South Africa.

APRIL saw Stanley Anderson win the two big foursome tournaments—namely, the Sunningdale Foursomes and the Addington Foursomes; he won with D. J. Rees at Sunningdale and with Max Faulkner at Addington, both of whom are assistants and not fully-fledged professionals. In spite of Anderson's victories, there are some people who say that there is no such thing as a good foursome player and argue that if a man is a good player he is naturally a good foursome player. The same people also, you will find, argue that a good medal player is necessarily a good match player. If these people took the trouble to look through the results of the important competitions, both medal and match-play, they would find many results which should make them change their opinions. Anyway, it is, without any question, much better in match-play matches to have on your side a so-called bad player who wins his matches than a so-called good player who, according to his own memory, always goes round in 72 or less and yet seldom wins a match. The latter type of golfer, I often think, must employ the Stableford method of scoring; his arithmetic cannot really be as bad as he makes it out to be.

In April also the Halford Hewitt Cup was won for the fourth consecutive time by the Old Carthusians—a result which must have delighted Lady Astor. The record number of forty-nine schools entered last year and actually forty-seven urged balls from the first tee. Owing to a lack of knowledge of arithmetic on someone's part, four schools were unable to finish their matches before darkness made play impossible and had to continue them first thing the next morning—a most unenviable performance.

AT the end of the month the best British golfer of the year—Frank Pennink—won the English Championship at Saunton, where he beat Leonard Crawley in the final by six holes up and five to play. Amongst his victims were such good players as Willie Sutton, Harry Bentley (the holder), Geoffrey Illingworth, and Cecil Middleton.

I have seldom seen the uncertainty of golf better demonstrated than it was by D. H. R. Martin at Sandwich in May. On May 19th, playing for the home club, he lost to A. D. Locke by the huge margin of 7 and 6; on May 20th and 21st he won the St. George's Grand Challenge Cup by three shots with the record score of 144 (71+73); and on May 25th he was beaten by R. B. Foster in the Amateur Championship. Against Foster, Martin could have counted his score more conveniently by an average of fives than of fours. These are indeed strange results of four consecutive rounds.

Golfing the Turkey Away

The after-Christmas holidays saw plenty of golfers at Royal St. George's: these three are Mr. Douglas Grant, Mr. G. A. R. Kon and Mr. Frank Ramsay

ROBERT SWEENY, although an American, entered from the Royal and Ancient Golf Club and added to the long list of members of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society who have won the Amateur Championship. He was never in great danger except in the fourth round, when he scrambled home on the nineteenth green against E. Bromley Davenport, who later won the John Ball Putter at Hoylake, which means that he is the champion of the Hittites for the year, a society which possesses many very good golfers. After his victory at Sandwich, Sweeny did not sit on his laurels like some Amateur Champions, who apparently loathe to see "Amateur Champion Defeated" across the top of the sports page in the evening papers. Shortly after the Amateur Championship (he had apparently not suffered from the strain of competitive golf, about which we hear so much twaddle) he won the *Golf Illustrated* Gold Vase with the lowest score any important amateur medal event over thirty-six holes has ever been won with in Great Britain—namely, 137 (69+68), and also the White's Club tournament, in which the victor wins something more substantial than honour and glory.

AMATEUR golfers did very badly in the Open Championship; only A. D. Locke qualified for the last day's play, while Sweeny took 85 strokes for one round and Hector Thomson, the Amateur Champion of 1936, 88 for another, and consequently neither of them had any hope of qualifying; and another amateur—L. G. Crawley—failed to make a return.

Two more Royal St. George's golfers were Mr. W. Roger Turnbull, M.C., and Mr. C. I. Roddick

Lady Hambro, Mrs. Keith and Sir Eric Hambro, K.B.E., were leaving the first tee at Royal St. George's, Sandwich, when this picture was taken

Golf Clubs at Home

Royston, Herts.

The Royston Golf Course, well known to generations of Cambridge undergraduates, was founded in 1892. It lies on Royston Heath, whose turf and subsoil allow immediate play after rainfall. Many improvements have been made to the club-house, and the social side of the Club will be manifest on January 21st, when the annual dance will be held at Royston Town Hall

(1) G. C. Foster (captain). (2) R. J. Boyde (ex-captain). (3) R. Owen. (4) W. H. Bailey (committee). (5) C. Shepherd (committee). (6) E. E. Beverley (professional). (7) Reg. Porter. (8) Ernest Vinter (ex-captain) and Frank Duckit (secretary). (9) C. F. W. Banham and W. S. L. Mackintosh (committee members). (10) A. J. Banham and H. G. Banham

Hope and Youth

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER—

No doubt many friends have wished you "a Christmas full of cheer and a New Year full of hope." Some of the cards perilously arranged on the top of a slippery bookcase behind me as I write, have taken a leap on to the floor at the first tap of the typewriter, as if to remind me that this is still Christmas-time, and that they wished nothing about work. However, work we must, and golf we must, and since 1938 is upon us, of 1938 let us write.

As to the work, this is early days to put in earnest hours on the course, however much a stray ray of sun now and again tempts us to take out the old clubs—or, better still, those new ones some kind friend has provided—and see how they are behaving. But there is plenty of work, not of the manual type, to be tackled by the golfers, and if they mean to go on enjoying their play in peace, plenty, prosperity and, above all, freedom (I hope you like my best Christmas vocabulary, culled from the cards), then the players must do it. I do not wish to be gloomy. But has it ever struck you how painfully little is the share of the actual players in the government of their game, and that if the younger ones do not do something about it, Britain will soon be no place fit for golfers to golf in—at any rate, not good golfers?

I AM writing without reference to the list of noble women who served last year on the L.G.U. council, and naturally have no idea who will be on it this coming year, but speaking from memory, I fancy that there is not one single councillor who has ever won a championship, or played in an international, and that even those of county team calibre are in a minority. Of their ages, let us not speak. Now, it is, of course, possible to be a long handicap and have brains (or, what may be equally effective, common sense). It is equally possible to have both after passing the age to win the Open. But if the experience of age is not very largely mixed, and even outnumbered, by the red-hot, up-to-the-minute experience of those who are in the thick of first-class golf *now*, the legislation of the game cannot hope to keep pace with the changing conditions of a fast-moving world. Old people love to legislate, to dictate; it is the only way, poor things, in which they think they can exert a little power; in the meantime, the poor young things are shackled and restricted until, in a few years, we shall be left, as I see it, with an immense ruling class of grey-headed golfing legislators, and nobody to play the game. Which would seem to be rather a pity.

OF course, international golfers have no time to serve on the council of the L.G.U., though it is wonderful how time can be made if the will is there. But there is emphatically one thing they can do, and that is get their clubs to appoint them delegates to the annual general meeting of the L.G.U., which is to be held in London on Wednesday, February 2nd. What there may be on the agenda of that meeting I do not know, but things of importance there are sure to be. Let the younger players have the chance to see and hear what their council are doing, and, what is a great deal more urgent, make their own opinions heard and carried. It is no good to grumble behind the scenes to each other; even the competitors' meetings at the Open and Close Championships effect very little, since they have no real standing, and can only ask the council to consider what they recommend. The council, being out of touch with real playing conditions, except as far as handicap events go, may not deal wisely with the recommendation, and then the players grumble again. Instead, they should come and represent their clubs on February 2nd, and, above all, not be afraid to speak, and speak loudly.

NOBODY can blame the councillors themselves for the state of affairs. Provided they honestly and conscientiously attend the committee meetings and stay to the end of them, listen to the minutes and the arguments arising, read through the reports circulated and report to their county committees such crumbs of information as are not held private and confidential, then they have done all that their capacity permits. It is not their fault if they do not represent the opinion of the players of the day, but the fault of the counties who appoint them, of the unwillingness of the real golfers to serve, and perhaps, if one goes back to bed-rock, of the unwieldy constitution of the L.G.U. and its huge council. Somehow, the right method of representation has not yet been found. Those who reorganised the Union ten years ago, acted in all good faith, and devoted untold energy and thought to the matter. They may even have evolved the perfect system, if it were perfectly carried out. But theory and performance are so often so different, that the result of it all has proved almost as full of pitfalls and abuses as the system the reforms swept away.

Some day, perhaps we shall arrive at a satisfactory state of affairs; but it seems very far off at the moment. However, "a New Year full of hope." Here's hoping!

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Winners of the "Bystander" Cup—

Mrs. Locker and L. W. Thornton, playing off a joint handicap of 14, won the "Bystander" Cup at Nice this year with a score of one down

—And Runners-Up at Nice

E. Terrien and Mrs. Dolphin Guy were the "Bystander" Cup runners-up with three down; Miss Woodward and F. Tatham, Mme. R. Lévy and M. Brévier tied for third place

Christmas Mixed Foursomes at Prince's, Sandwich

Lieut.-Gen. G. W. Howard and his daughter, Miss Howard, won the annual Christmas mixed foursomes for the Daniell Cup at Prince's. They beat the John Becks in the semi-final round by 3 and 2, and K. Barlow and Miss Heywood in the final by the same margin

Good-bye to the foggy London streets! Welcome blue skies and untrodden ski-ing slopes! . . . But don't forget that a successful holiday demands care and forethought. Your luggage must include Elizabeth Arden's invaluable Ski-Kit which contains everything you need to protect your skin perfectly. You must have with you also her basic preparations for the essential care of the skin in the high altitude and the vivid sun.

Venetian Cleansing Cream - - - - - 4/6 to 22/6
Ardena Skin Tonic - - - - - - - - 3/6 to 75/-
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Ski-Kit, containing sun preparations and make-up 30/-

The new Elizabeth Arden Salon at Surselva House, St. Moritz, is now open for the winter season.

Elizabeth Arden

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Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

By this time three weeks hence, all the competitors starting in this year's Monte Carlo Rally, the seventeenth of the series, will be driving hard towards their goal.

This event is unique among motoring competitions in that it provides the drivers of touring and sports cars with their most gruelling endurance test of the year and at the same time is run under such conditions that the cars themselves are stressed to the uttermost.

Competitors start from any of ten predetermined starting controls which they may choose, and converge on Monte Carlo, arriving on January 29th. Eliminating tests and a Concours d'Élégance follow, the whole event winding up on February 2nd.

THIS year, more than ever before, top honours in this Rally are well worth winning, for the conditions have been so stiffened up as to render the road section really tremendously difficult, while the regulations have been framed most carefully with the especial object of eliminating the possibility of entries coming in from owners of freak cars constructed simply to outwit the regulations in this one event.

As to the stiffening-up of the road section, the most difficult part undoubtedly will be the run over the Col de la Croix Haute.

The average speed over this section, which lies south of Grenoble, has been set at 50 k.p.h. (31·07 m.p.h.). The road is an exceedingly tricky one, with a myriad hairpin bends and rising to appreciably more than 3000 feet above sea-level.

One section of this part of the Rally is a particularly difficult 7½-miles' stretch over which M. Dureste, chairman of the Competitions Committee of the A.C. de Monaco, recently made a test run.

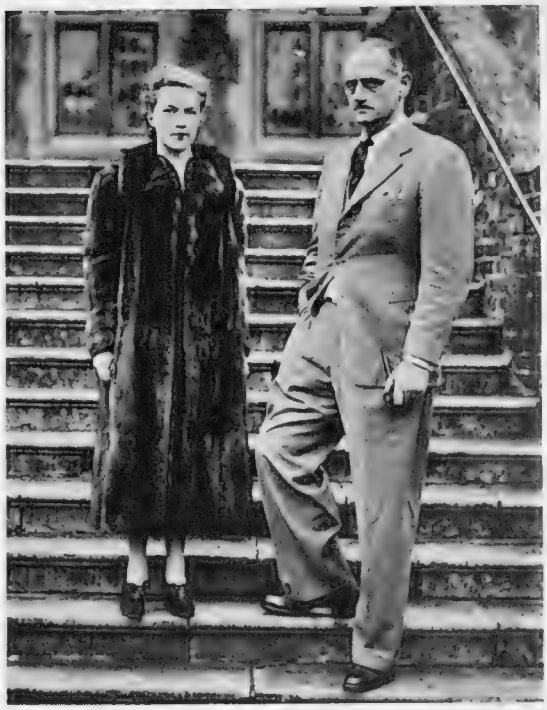
The car used by M. Dureste was a 30 h.p. Ford "V-8," the weather conditions were good and the run was made in daylight, and yet it is reported that the driver had difficulty in maintaining the desired speed.

Picture, therefore, the task of keeping up this average in a smaller car by night, in any sort of weather which may prevail, after several days' and nights' continuous driving over Europe's most arduous routes —something like a test of the human factor!

The official starting-points for the Rally are John o' Groats, Athens, Umca, Palermo, Bucharest, Stavanger, Messina, Tallinn, Salonica, and Reggio, and marks are allotted to competitors at the start in ratio to the severity of the route chosen.

The route from Athens is regarded by the organisers of the event as the most difficult on account of the prevalence of huge snowfalls in the Balkans, and so competitors starting thence are given 500 marks, while the Bucharest route is considered very nearly as exacting so that 498 marks are awarded to competitors who choose this as their starting-point.

Strict time-tables have to be adhered to throughout and marks are debited from those arriving late at intermediate controls.



A Racer Engaged

Major A. T. G. Gardner is engaged to Miss Hester Mary Jackson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Jackson, of Mexico City. He is famous for his baby car-racing, for which he holds the world record

LAST year none of the competitors from Athens succeded in winning through to Monte Carlo, and the same thing has happened many times before, so that for those who complain that motoring is becoming dull, without any spice of adventure left in it, starting from Athens in the Monte Carlo Rally may provide some sort of stimulus—but they will have to make a note to enter for next year's Rally, for entries for this month's event closed on Christmas Eve.

The full scale of starting-control marks is as follows: Athens, 500; Bucharest, 498; Palermo, Stavanger, and Tallinn, 497; John o' Groats and Umea, 496; Messina, Reggio, and Salonica, 493.

Competitors starting from John o' Groats must cover 3624 kilometres (about 2271 miles), their route lying via Aberdeen, Glasgow, Doncaster, Folkestone, Boulogne, Le Mans, Nantes, Bordeaux, Pau, Toulouse, Rodez, Lyons and Grenoble.

MY idea of purgatory would be to take with me on a Monte Carlo Rally a back-seat driver of the comic-strip mother-in-law variety, for a great deal of the route lies over roads coated with ice and through fog and blizzards and snowdrifts, and it is a wise precaution before you start to have a written agreement with each of the other occupants of the car disclaiming anything you may say to them en route and affirming that you were all good friends at the start. For it really is extraordinary how irritating even the most delightful companions become after you have been cooped up with them in a car on skiddy roads for forty-eight hours or more.

IT is from bitter experience that I write this, for normally I am a placid and more or less unrousable individual, but on a long Rally, when from want of sleep my nerves become jaded, I nurture the most homicidal tendencies against a co-driver with a cough, or (worse still) a fund of unwanted advice.

But the other members of the car's crew are just as important as those who do the actual driving on the Monte Carlo Rally, provided they do not merely accompany the others for decorative purposes, for very expert navigation is called for, and success largely depends upon the ability to know at any given moment just how far one is from the next control.

The British sporting motorist has always taken a great interest in this particular event, and this year, as usual, a goodly proportion of the entrants are British.

In the past Great Britain has scored many notable successes in this international event.

May we fare likewise this year.

The new Hillman "Fourteen" saloon, moderately priced at £248, has a high standard of performance and comfort

This England . . .

The Suffolk Wold—between Lavenham and Bury St. Edmunds

SINCE we cannot see forward (and remember but a little way back) we must not be too ready to resent all change. This wide-skied Suffolk with its endless fields of wind-rippled grain was once more famous as a dairy county; until the wars begotten of the French Revolution put grain to such a price that much of its broad pasture was ploughed up. And bitter then was the outcry against it. Yet under the shifts and changes of the centuries our England remains stable in its good. That now fine barley should come from Suffolk and this great beer from Burton (Worthington its name) is of little matter — so that we have them for our comfort still!

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A New Year in the Air

By Charles Ward

This year — 1938 — should mark even greater advances in the technique and in the safety of flying. In the former category, we shall witness a recovery of world's records by Great Britain. The "Wellesley" is due to capture the long-distance record, and a new 'plane by Supermarine, engined by Rolls-Royce, will put us on the map again in the speed category. Bristols, combining with Rolls-Royce, will raise the altitude record, already held in this country, thus preparing the way for aviation in the stratosphere, where resistance to progress almost ceases to be noticed. Meantime, other nations have not been idle, for the Italians have beaten by a handsome margin the record held by France for an endurance flight by seaplane. Signor Stoppani crossed the South Atlantic from Cadiz to Brazil, nearly 4400 miles, in 26¼ hours, which was 62 miles an hour faster than the Frenchmen, over a distance 750 miles longer. Italy has little hope of establishing Atlantic air-lines without the aid of Spain or Portugal. The success of General Franco in Spain would give her the necessary platform for taking-off, or, alternatively, an agreement between Germany and Portugal would enable the two dictator countries to combine their civil air strength for routes to America.

From a drawing by C. E. Turner

Robert Blackburn flying a monoplane of his own design and construction over the sands of the Yorkshire coast in 1910. Note the tricycle undercarriage, which has returned to favour for many new 'planes of 1938. Blackburn Aircraft is one of the largest firms in the industry

At home in the Services, the Fleet Air Arm will complete its transfer to Admiralty control, doubling its strength en passant. Metropolitan air power is to go up to 1750 aircraft, a formidable total when it is realised that every 'plane will be more than a match for an aggressor. The aircraft industry now employs at least 100,000 people, and, judged by a truly phenomenal export total in such a year of Service expansion as almost £3½ million sterling, it has become one of the leading trades of the country. A point to be noted by economists and transport experts alike is the wide variation in average speed between east and west Atlantic flights. To America was at the rate of 126 miles an hour; whereas the homing journey was made at 173½ miles an hour. These figures were obtained on five journeys each way. Gatwick is figuring again in the news. Plans for its extension would make it the largest and most easily accessible airport south of London.

Times change . . . so does

SHELL

How astonished the couple on the left would be if they suddenly found themselves in a 1938 ballroom. Modern dancing would be as hard for them to recognise as modern motor cars. Motor engines have developed steadily towards the high standard of efficiency and performance to which we are accustomed. Shell, by keeping pace with every step in their progress, has maintained for thirty years its high reputation. Shell is never out of date; for the cars of yesterday, to-day and to-morrow.

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Photo: C. Brandt, Arosa.

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	Beds	Frs.		Beds	Frs.
Schweizerhof	20	10.—	Seehof	110	14.50
Gentiana	30	11.—	Valsana	100	14.50
Furka	30	11.50	Berghotel Prätschli	80	15.—
Belvedere Tanneck	40	12.50	Altein Grand Hotel	150	15.50
Merkur	40	12.50	Arosa-Kulm	170	16.—
Suvretta	40	12.50	Excelsior	100	16.—
Alpensonne	40	13.50	Grand Hotel Tschuggen	180	16.—
Bellevue	110	13.50	Hof Maran	110	16.—
Post-und Sporthotel	70	13.50	Neues Waldhotel	125	16.—
Des Alpes	60	14.50			

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The Editor's Box

Reference Books, 1938

Debrett's Peerage : Dean and Son, Ltd., the publishers of *Debrett*, produce their Coronation edition this year. As well as the usual intricate family details of the peerage, baronetage and knightage, orders of precedence and the Privy Council, historical events of the last eighteen months are put on record ; foremost the changes in the Royal Family. The number of honours bestowed in the last year reached the unprecedented total of 700, and corrections necessitated by births, marriages, and deaths have been unusually heavy. But they are all there. *Debrett* is again edited by Mr. C. J. F. Hankinson, and costs 84s. in cloth.

Burke's Peerage : It is doubtful whether any previous edition of this century-old work has been of greater historical interest. This is the first completely revised edition to be published since the death of his late Majesty King George V. Very considerable alteration has consequently occurred in the relative rank and precedence of many of the 50,000 people of whom the book treats. It has been necessary, therefore, to revise completely the whole of the "alphabetical guide to relative rank"—a feature exclusive to *Burke*.

Whitaker's Almanack : The seventieth annual volume of *Whitaker* (6s. in cloth, 12s. 6d. in leather, 3s. abridged), as well as recording, with its fellow reference books, the events of the Abdication and the Coronation, has various other new features in its widow's cruse of information. Numerous additions have been made to the section allotted to government offices, and the statistical information has been reinforced by the inclusion of commercial and economic tables bearing upon the problems of the day.

Kelly's Directories : The most popular trio of the numerous directories published by Kelly's Directories, Limited, are the *Royal Blue Book*, the *Handbook of Distinguished People* and the famous *Post Office Directory*. The *Royal Blue Book, Court and Parliamentary Guide* is priced at 7s. 6d. As is well known, this book, which has been issued for over 100 years, gives the names, addresses and telephone numbers of the occupiers of the better-class private houses in the western districts of London.

The *Handbook of Distinguished People* (40s.) is the new name for the old *Handbook to the Titled, Landed and Official Classes*.

Opinions may vary as to what constitutes a Distinguished Person, but the Editor of *Kelly's Handbook* has to attach definite limits to its meaning, and these are stated in the preface of the book. Briefly it covers those who have titles or orders ; Members of Parliament ; the very senior members of the government services ; notable people in the Counties, such as Deputy Lieutenants, County Magistrates and landed proprietors ; besides some leading people in the worlds of the drama, literature, the arts and commerce.

The *Post Office London Directory* is produced in leather at 70s., cloth at 55s. In this tome the whole of London lies spread.

Who's Who : To the 1938 *Who's Who* more than 40,000 men and women who command the interest of the world have contributed their autobiographies-in-brief. Dictators, politicians, peers, actors and actresses, judges, artists, prelates, sportsmen and sportswomen, novelists, leaders of industry, diplomats—people of importance in every sphere. To be in *Who's Who*, in fact, is the first sign of fame ; is it not equally important to have *Who's Who* ? It is published by A. and C. Black, Ltd., and costs 60s. in cloth.

A Desk Companion

The "Little Red Window" which surrounds the date and makes it unmistakable is already known to thousands of business men. It is the feature of the "At-a-Glance" Calendar, whose name is its best recommendation and description.

A Charity

Messrs. Joseph Lingford and Son, of Bishop Auckland, County Durham, are again organising an appeal for money and clothing to relieve distress in south-west Durham. The company undertakes the distribution itself, and all gifts, which are urgently needed, should be sent to them at the above address.

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

January 5—January 11

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AUTUMN.—A dramatic plot overladen with jealousy gives Flora Robson, Wyndham Goldie and Victoria Hopper the chances that they all take: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE.—Priestley's finest play inspires Wilfrid Lawson to great acting; Patricia Hilliard, Lewis Casson, William Fox contribute notably: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

A LADY'S GENTLEMAN.—From the Hungarian, this amusing politico-social play has Margaretta Scott, Ronald Squire and Frank Pettingell in the leads: Vaudeville, 9. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

MACBETH.—Laurence Olivier and Judith Anderson lead, Saint-Denis produced, Motley decorated: New, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—Shakespeare's fantasy gets an enchanting production and performance with Ralph Richardson as Bottom, Robert Helpmann and Vivien Leigh: Old Vic, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA.—This Eugene O'Neill has a grim and exciting story to tell: Westminster, 7. Wed., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares, well supported, in a sincere and stimulating exposition of careers v. married happiness, by St. John Ervine: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.—Sheridan's comedy is part of the Gielgud season; brilliantly acted, it out-plays and outwits every modernity: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THANK YOU, MR. PEPYS.—The diarist played by Edmund Gwenn is shown as a great, not petty, man in the service of King Charles (Barry Barnes): Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TIME AND THE CONWAYS.—Priestley's play has almost a Russian Tang and a curious time trick; not popular fare, but provocative, with Jean Forbes-Robertson and Barbara Everest: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICTORIA REGINA.—This episodic domestic history of a royal couple is superb stagecraft; Pamela Stanley excellent as Victoria, settings by Whistler: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30.

YES AND NO.—Fantasticated love-tangle makes an amusing evening with Mary Jerrold, Felix Aylmer, Diana Churchill, Rene Ray: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—Colourful and tuneful romance of the Russian revolution has Roger Treville and Muriel Angelus in the lead, Clifford Mollison in the funny part: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CHOOSE YOUR TIME.—A new kind of revue mixture: Yvonne Arnaud, Frances Day, Nelson Keys, news reel and Donald Duck: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CREST OF THE WAVE.—Abundant and heavy with romantic outcrops, it is in the Drury Lane tradition; Dorothy Dickson, Ivor Novello, Marie Löhr, and elegant chorus: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOING GREEK.—Leslie Henson and his faithful Gaiety company are above their own high standard in this riotous musical: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HIDE AND SEEK.—A musical with all the virtues and vices of its kind; Cicely Courtneidge, Bobby Howes, and an excellent chorus being of the former: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

IT'S IN THE BAG.—Brightly coloured and ingenious revue will make a pleasant and not taxing evening: Elisabeth Welch, Gene Sheldon: Saville, 8.30. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

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ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high-life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

OH! YOU LETTY.—A musical comedy that's musical, funny and gay, with Sydney Howard and Wylie Watson, Phyllis Stanley and Bertha Belmore: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 100.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

ST. MORITZ.—Pamela Prior heads the skating and other stars in this winter sports spectacle with a real ice stage: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

Mirth and Mystery

BULLDOG DRUMMOND HITS OUT.—Henry Edwards as Drummond: Savoy, 8.30 only.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Rex Harrison and Kay Hammond lead the hilarious cast in this long-running laughter-maker: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noël Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's joyful school-life comedy continues with Frederick Leister, J. H. Roberts, John Ford: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

I KILLED THE COUNT.—A new mixture of thriller and love-story, with a large, good cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

IT'S YOU I WANT.—Seymour Hicks makes a bright success of a farce whose chief advantage is his acting and Miss Jane Carr's: Cambridge, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

LONDON RHAPSODY.—The Crazy Gang is up to its old tricks in a number of rhapsodic or otherwise scenes: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE PHANTOM LIGHT.—Edna Best and Gordon Harker get into trouble in a mystery lighthouse: Haymarket 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROOM SERVICE.—Hartley Power heads an American cast in a coarse, hoarse farce which makes the actors and audience roar: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THINK OF A NUMBER.—Winifred Shotter, Douglas Byng and Sara Allgood in a farcical comedy that gathers speed after hesitations: Comedy, 8.30. Thurs., Fri., 2.30.

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU.—An American success, anglicised by the cast, is still very witty: St. James's, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Christmas Fare

ALADDIN.—Elsie Randolph as Aladdin; Arthur Riscoe as Widow Twankey: Adelphi, 2 and 7.45.

ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS: Playhouse, 2.30

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.—Jill Esmond and Anne Leslie as boy and girl; Albert Burdon and Clarkson Rose for comedy: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

THE BOY WHO LOST HIS TEMPER.—With Robin Maule Garrick, 2.30.

CINDERELLA. — Stanley Lupino, Madge Elliott and Greta Fayne: Prince's, 2 and 7.30.

JEAN STERLING MACKINLAY.—Matinée recitals at the Rudolf Steiner Hall.

A KISS FOR CINDERELLA.—With Sebastian Shaw Phœnix, 2.30 and 8.

PETER PAN.—Anna Neagle as Peter, Pamela Standish as Wendy, George Curzon as Mr. Darling and Hook Palladium, 2.15.

TREASURE ISLAND.—With Malcolm Keen: Savoy, 2.30.

WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD: Fortune.

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS: Holborn Empire, 2.15.

Circuses

BERTRAM MILLS': Olympia, 2.30, 7.30.

ALTHOFF'S: Royal Agricultural Hall.

CINEMAS

ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN (American).—Eddie Cantor at his best amid his usual glamorous harem: Gaumont.

AMPHITRYON (French).—A satire of standing comes to England and mocks in Gallic manner the Greek legend: Curzon.

UN CARNET DE BAL (French).—Duvivier directed this first-prize film; a bitter-sweet story; Françoise Rosay. Rainer, Harry Baur, Pierre Blanchar: Studio One.

CHARLIE CHAN ON BROADWAY (American).—Also the British *School for Husbands* with Diana Churchill and Rex Harrison: New Gallery.

100 MEN AND A GIRL (American).—Romance, humour, music and a good story; Deanna Durbin, Adolphe Menjou, Leopold Stokowski: Leicester Square.

MARIE WALEWSKA (American).—Garbo as the countess and Charles Boyer as the emperor give fine performances in an authentic Napoleon picture: Empire.

MONICA AND MARTIN (German).—Luise Ullrich and Viktor de Kowa are the model and artist who star in this Bohemian life film: Berkeley

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA (American).—Ronald Colman in a dual rôle, Madeleine Carroll, Raymond Massey and Douglas Fairbanks, junior, in Anthony Hope's story: Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE RETURN OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL (British).—Very British, too, with plenty of adventures on the Continent for Barry K. Barnes: Tivoli.

SOUTH RIDING (British).—Winifred Holtby's novel makes a film with Edna Best, Ralph Richardson, Ann Todd: London Pavilion.

STAGE DOOR (American).—Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers are two rival actresses whose personalities clash over Adolphe Menjou's stage power: Regal.

TRUE CONFESSION (American).—Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, Una Merkel, John Barrymore in this: Plaza.

WELLS FARGO (American).—Big cast and big canvas shows a panorama of American history: Carlton.

THE WHITE SQUADRON (Italian).—Shot in Libya, the theme of this noble film is man's task in the world—or one conception of it; also return of Sacha Guitry as Le Tricheur: Academy.

Premiere

THE DIVORCE OF LADY X (British).—Merle Oberon's first technicolour film, with Laurence Olivier opposite her, has a premiere in aid of the Westminster Hospital: Odeon, Thurs., 16th.

OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS:

THE MASTERSINGERS.—To-night, 5th, 6.45.
CARMEN.—Fri., 7th, 8.
HANSEL AND GRETEL.—Sat., 8th, 2.30.
THE MASTERSINGERS.—Sat., 8th, 6.45.
THE VALKYRIE.—Tues., 11th, 7.15.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

CASSE-NOISETTE, LES PATINEURS.—Thurs., 6th, 8.30.

COVENT GARDEN:

LES BALLETS POLONAIS.—Slawska, Yusskievitch, Glinka, Konarski, Kilinski, and company in five new ballets by Nijinska; 8.45. Wed., 2.30. Last 4 days.

EXHIBITION

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Stuart Hamilton

Elsie Copland

Is engaged to Lieutenant John S. M. Richardson, R.N., son of the late J. J. Richardson and Mrs. G. Paul, of Mansfield Street, W. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Copland, of Sheppey Court, Sheerness

Yevonde

Carina Evelyn Carlyle

Carina Carlyle is engaged to Walter Thorp, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Thorp, of Bre-win, Hale Barns, Cheshire. Her parents were the late Major and Mrs. R. Carlyle, of Doris-court, West Didsbury, Wilts.

Lenare

Rachel Margery Godwin

Rachel Godwin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid God-win, of Compton House, near Winchester, is engaged to Cuthbert Skelding Cane, son of Major and Mrs. A. S. Cane, of Willingham, Cambridge

Vandyk

Mary Briget Hutchinson

Left: Biddy Hutchinson is engaged to Capt. Herbert Tugwell, M.C., R.A., son of the late Bishop Tugwell and Mrs. Tugwell. She is the daughter of the late H. E. Hutchinson and Mrs. Hutchinson, of 36, St. Aubyns, Hove

Right: Rosemary Hood, only child of the late S. W. Hood and Mrs. Hood, of Courdridge, Botley, Hants., is to marry Captain Brian Webb-Carter, Duke of Wellington's Regiment, son of Major-Gen. Sir John and Lady Carter, of Ixworth Court, Bedford

Pearl Freeman

Rosemary Hood

Kent Lacey, Brighton

Yvonne Barrenger

Left: Yvonne Barrenger is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Barrenger, of Bodiam Court, Hove. She has announced her engagement to Raymond Dutt, elder son of the late Mr. and Mrs. E. Dutt, of Pembroke Crescent, Hove

Right: Annette Drew, only child of the late Major Drew, of Drewscourt, Co. Cork, and Mrs. Drew, of Sunbury House, Sunbury-on-Thames, is engaged to John Simon Every, elder son of Sir Edward Every, Bt., and Lady Every, of Egginton, near Derby

Stuart Hamilton

Annette Drew

Daubeny — Rawes

William Giles Daubeny, Royal Signals, and Muriel Joan Rawes were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Daubeny, of 1, The Mansions, Earl's Court Road; she is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Leslie Rawes, of 41, Rosary Gardens, S.W.7

Cole — Power

This group was taken after the wedding at St. John's Parish Church, Peshawar, India, of Flying Officer Alexander Nelson Cole to Elizabeth (Bette) Power. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Cole, of Sligo, Ireland; she is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Power, Military Farms Department, Peshawar. The best man is on the left, Flying Officer R. E. F. Lister; the bridesmaids are Barbara Taylor and Mary Power (right), the bride's sister

Pollock — Nash

ichard Quentin Pollock, 6th Duke of Connaught's en Lancers, only surviving son of Mr. and Mrs. ollock, Ireton House, Highgate, married Florence obel Nash, daughter of Sir Vincent and Lady ash, of Shannon View House, Kilmurry, Co. merick, at Our Lady of Victories, Kensington

Moore — Hull

Alec Cecil Sutherland Moore, Q.V.O., Corps of Guides F.F., second son of Colonel and Mrs. C. H. G. Moore, of Lingfield, Surrey, and Blanche Hull, only daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Leonard Hull, of Woottons, Woolhampton, Berks., were married at Chelsea Old Church

Gough — Carden

At St. James's, Spanish Place, Captain John Terence Gough, Royal Tank Corps, son of the late Hugh Gough and Mrs. Gough, of Estoril, Portugal, married Anne Carden, of Gosmore End, Hitchin, only child of the late Admiral Sir Sackville and Lady Carden

Mellor — Mendes

Left: Sir John Scrocold Paget Mellor, Bt., M.P., and Mrs. Raie Ada Mendes were photographed leaving the Caxton Hall register office after their wedding. He is the son of the late Sir John Paget Mellor, the first Baronet, and Rachel Lady Mellor, of 1, Embankment Gardens, S.W.3. They went to Paris for a honeymoon

Right: Paul Blackden and Mary Joyce Brook were married at St. Mary's, Cadogan Square. He is the son of the late Brig.-Gen. L. S. Blackden and Mrs. Blackden, of The Jewell House, Marden, Kent; she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Grant Brook, of Lidwells, Goudhurst, Kent

Blackden — Brook

Seymour-Price — Nicoll

.-Lt. George Philip Seymour-Price, eldest son Dr. and Mrs. P. Seymour-Price, of 33, Sloane rdens, S.W.3, married Betty Reid Nicoll at mbledon, Hants. She is the daughter of the J. R. and Mrs. Nicoll, of Park, Hambledon

Thripp — Dark

It was an R.A.F. wedding at Holy Trinity Church, Penton Mewsey, when Flt.-Lieut. Gordon Thripp, R.A.F., married Dulcie E. Dark, eldest daughter of Flt.-Lieut. and Mrs. Dark, of Millway Lodge, Andover

Heywood — Mayhew

The Bishop of Ely officiated at the wedding of his son, Francis Heywood, to Dorothea Mayhew, at St. John's, Holland Road. She is the daughter of Sir Basil and the late Lady Mayhew, of Felthorpe Hall, Norwich

MONTE CARLO CALENDAR

WINTER SEASON 1937-38

SOCIAL EVENTS: INTERNATIONAL SPORTING CLUB—International Bridge Tournament, *January 17-30.* Monaco National Fête, *January 17.*

SPORT: Monte Carlo Country Club (Tennis)—Club Championships, *Jan. 24-30*; INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT (Butler Trophy and Beaumont Cup), *Feb. 28—March 6*; Easter Tournament, *April 18-24.* Monte Carlo Golf Club—Windsor Challenge Cup, *Feb. 12*; Sporting Club Cup, *Feb. 19*; Bystander Mixed Foursomes, *March 17.* MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY, *Jan. 29.* Sailing Regattas, *March 31—April 3.* Outboard Meeting, *April 21-24.* Ski-ing—French Championships at Valberg, Beuil and Auron, *Feb. 11—18.*

MUSIC: Concert—Gala with SERGE LIFAR, *Jan. 14.* Opera—Season opens with WAGNER'S "RING," in German, by Bayreuth Opera Company, under Franz von Hoesslin, *January 22*; "Tristan and Isolde," *Jan. 29*; Creation "Andersen's Tales," (Grieg Music) *February 27.*

THEATRE: Comedy and Operetta Season to *January 24* (Beaux-Arts); Comédie Française—official performances *during February*; Ballet Season, *April 2-28* (with two entirely new Massine Ballets.)

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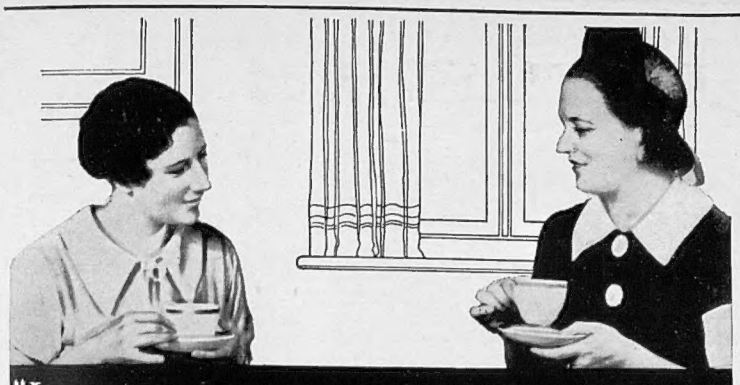

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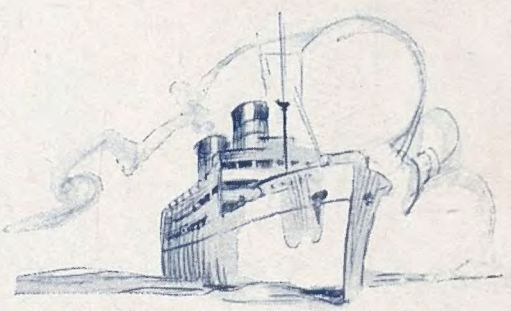

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